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May 1997

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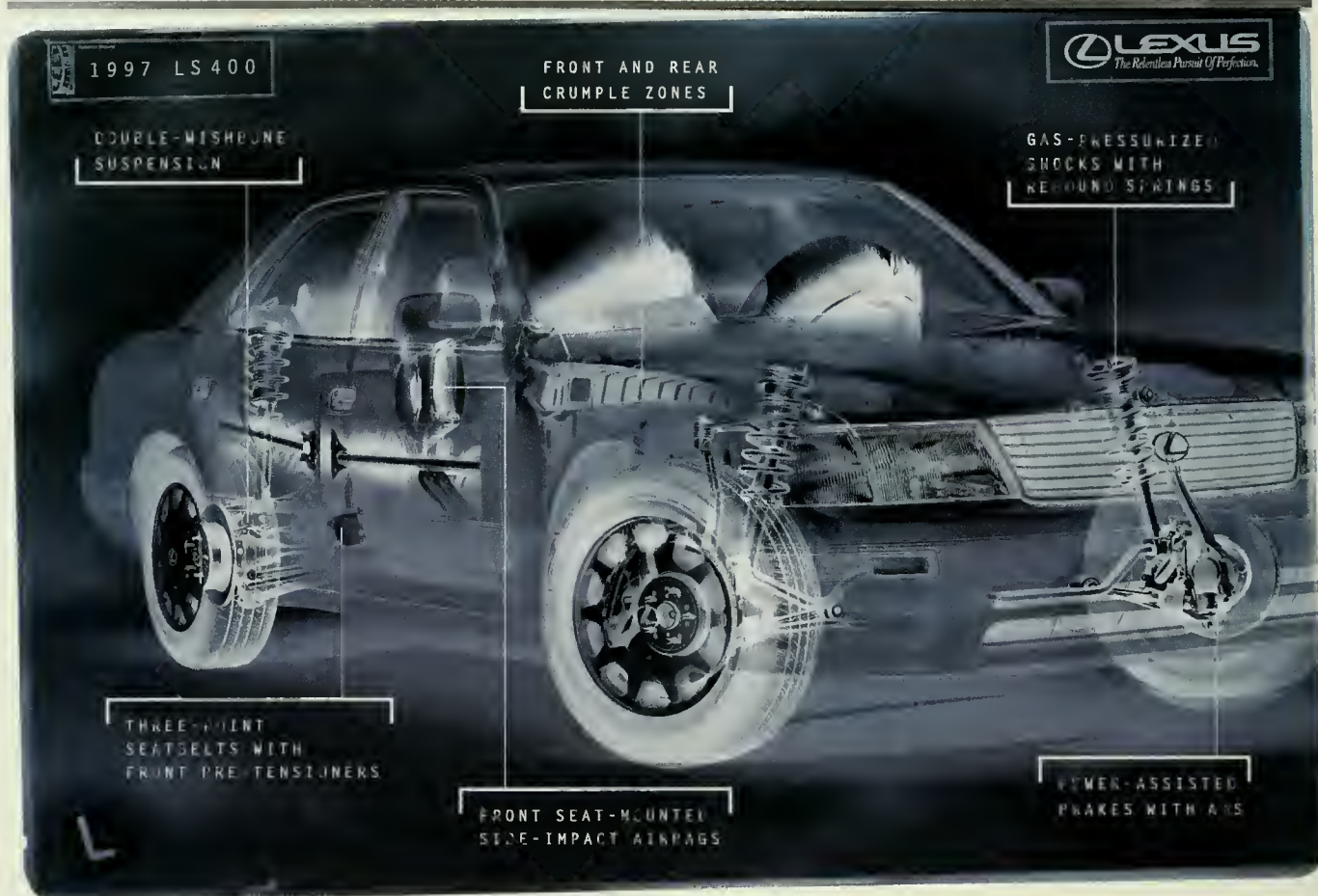


KATHY LE '97 • PHUC LE '97

Beyond Memory

Vietnamese Americans Come of Age

Martha Mitchell
University Archives, Copy
8 of 10, Box A



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Ivy League magazines boast a million readers and an average income of \$132,000.

Advertisers find new upscale audience

By Laura Gardner
ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK — Looking for new clients with money to invest, Neuberger & Berman Management Inc. found a ready-made way to reach affluent and educated readers: advertise in Ivy League alumni magazines.

The investment firm, which is based in New York, tapped into the Ivy League Magazine Network, a consortium of eight nonprofit magazines that together reach about one million readers with an annual median household income of \$132,300.

The magazines reach "a lot of intelligent people who are smart about their money," said Steve Klein, media director of Kirshenbaum Bond & Partners, who placed the ads for Neuberger.

"Plus, they're magazines people care about."

The network is based in Cambridge, Mass. It was founded in the mid-1970s, and it has grown substantially in the past two years through a national sales push that has brought in such names as British Airways and Cadillac.

Sales representatives in Cambridge, Detroit and New York sell ad space at the rate of \$43,435 for a full page. The ads then appear in publications sent to the alumni of Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Yale and one non-Ivy, Stanford.

Columbia, the eighth member of the Ivy League, does not participate in the sales consortium.

The network keeps about 15 percent of the ad revenue to cover marketing and operating costs. The rest is divided among the magazines based on their circulations. The revenue

has buoyed some of the publications during an era of skyrocketing paper prices and increased postage costs.

Ad sales increased 20 percent last year to \$1.41 million, and another 20 percent gain is expected in 1996, said Laura Freid, executive director of the network.

"The demographics in a lump sum are hard to resist," said Carter Wiseman, editor of the Yale Alumni Magazine.

Nearly half of the Ivy readers have done postgraduate study. Only readers of the Atlantic Monthly have higher levels of education, according to Mendelsohn Media Research Inc., in New York.

And the median income of readers tops that of many upscale publications, including *Worth*, *Barrons*, *The Wine Spectator* and *Conde Nast Traveler*, Mendelsohn said.

In addition, readers are "totally invested in this magazine," said Anne Diffily, editor of the Brown Alumni Monthly. "They are much more intimate with it than they are with a newsstand magazine."

The average reader spends 80 minutes with an issue and picks it up on more than two occasions, according to Mark Clements Research Inc., in New York.

Dartmouth graduate Betsy Bennett said she opens her alumni magazine as soon as it arrives at her San Francisco home. "First, I read the class notes to see what people in my class are doing. Then, the letters to the editors. I read the whole thing and save back copies," Bennett said.

The combination of upscale demographics and reader involvement has lured advertisers of luxury products, including Lexus cars, Absolut Vodka and Bermuda tourism.

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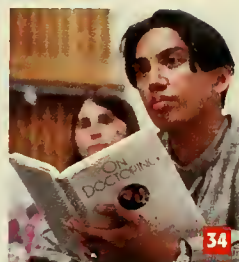
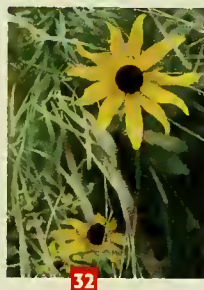


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A L U M N I M O N T H L Y



UNDER THE ELMS 12

Today's anxieties, tomorrow's jobs...how the brain works... mapping campus... the power of placebos... Tom Brokaw... Jesse Jackson... Pick o' the Web... and more.

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Passing the Torque Wrench

By John M. Roderick '74 Ph.D.

The Long Road Home

22

They were born in the final days of a dying country. In January, Kathy Le '97 and Phuc Le '97 returned to Vietnam to learn about a war they don't remember and a past that got left behind.

By Norman Boucher

Return of the Natives

32

Long neglected in favor of more exotic species, North American plants are back in fashion. Sort of. *Photographs by John Forasté /*

Text by Norman Boucher

Healing Words

34

Will reading literature give doctors a more compassionate bedside manner? Psychiatrist Lynn Epstein thinks so. *By Gerald S. Goldstein*

Portrait: New World Winemaker

40

Ted Lemon '80 learned oenology from French masters. Now West Coast connoisseurs all want a piece of his palate. *By Chad Galts*

COVER: Kathy Le '97 (left) and Phuc Le '97. Photograph by John Forasté. Paratroopers near Ben Cat, Vietnam, 1965. Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

Volume 97 • Number 8 / May 1997

War and Remembrance

On May 25, Brown will dedicate a memorial to its men and women who died in the armed services since World War I. The Navy Band will play. And several generations of veterans will remember their times of war.

Remembering war is a complicated thing. Among combat survivors, the memories can stir a roil of feelings — pride, sorrow, revulsion, even a latent adrenaline rush. It's different for those who stayed home. Unless we lost someone dear to us and bear the resulting psychic scar, our memories inevitably tap into the national mythos that evolves after a major war ends. While our recollections may be trivial — broccoli from the victory garden, giggles as we flashed the peaceniks' sign to our buddies — a war's reinvention by the news and entertainment media casts our experiences onto a broader, more meaningful stage.

Thus, when I think of my freshman year at Brown, 1969–70, I see a pastiche of protests, speeches, and strikes, all laden with significance. Those things happened on College Hill, and I was indeed here, resplendent in bellbottoms and even, once, a black armband. But I know that at the time I was only modestly mindful of the Vietnam War.

The November 1969 *BAM* tells me that 12,000 people attended an anti-war rally at the Rhode Island State House

on October 15, the date of the nationwide Vietnam Moratorium. Where was I? Smiling over an A— on an English paper, doing a perspective drawing for art, worrying about my date for Saturday's football game, and opening a box of apples from my mom.

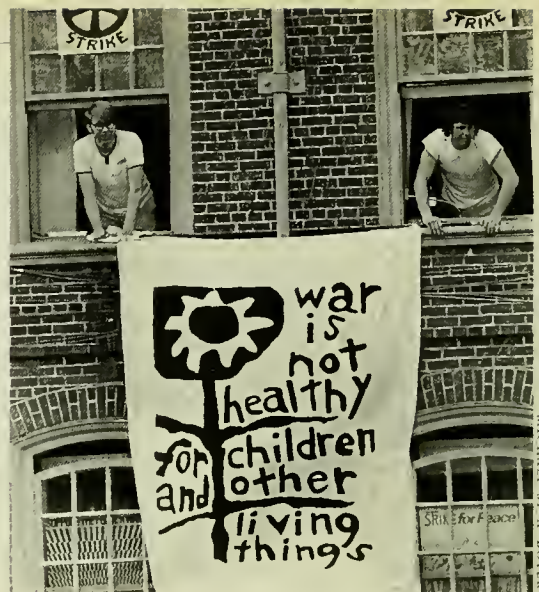
Later that year, in May, a student-organized strike shut down Brown classes in the wake of the Kent State shootings and the U.S. invasion of Cambodia. What ensued were several weeks of oratory, marches, canvassing, and even a concession run by Pembroke students: for fifty cents (proceeds to the antiwar effort), long-haired Brown boys could get a trim before setting out to proselytize Joe and Jane Average Citizen.

I went along with some of this for the ride. "I spent all of yesterday going to mass meetings," I reported in a May 6 letter to my parents, "and it is really amazing how fired up everyone is." Mostly I seemed to have spent my time playing tennis, finishing a French paper, and eating in a Ratty fraternity dining room.

"After lunch," I jotted in turquoise Flair pen in my 1970 diary, "I went with Becky, Dave, and Janet to watch the protest march downtown."

To watch. Witnessing history from a safe distance, in my mind I was looking ahead to a weekend jaunt to the Cape with friends.

When I read Managing Editor Norman Boucher's article about seniors Kathy Le and Phuc Le (page 22), my third-hand "Vietnam experience" seemed unbearably puerile. Born as the war ground to its dénouement, these young women en-



May 1970: Students wage war on war.

dured girlhood travails incomprehensible to most of us.

Through their parents' profound sacrifices, each has made her way to Brown. Through a research project of Brown's Watson Institute, both had the chance this year to return to Vietnam for the first time since leaving as refugees in crowded boats. Fully American yet fundamentally Vietnamese, Kathy and Phuc embody the power of history actually lived.

Speaking at Brown last month, filmmaker Ken Burns (page 14) extolled the often-overlooked personal histories which have informed his documentaries. "I am ... drawn to those voices, those stories and moments," he said, "that suggest an abiding faith in the human spirit."

Please listen, as Burns urged his audience, to history. Listen, in these pages, to a war story begotten of suffering, shaped by peace, and animated by the human spirit.

Anne Diffily

ANNE HINMAN DIFFILY '73
Editor

BROWN
ALUMNI MONTHLY

May 1997
Volume 97, No. 8

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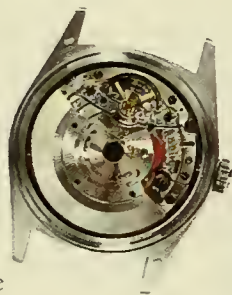
© 1997 by Brown Alumni Monthly
Published monthly, except January, June,
and August, by Brown University, Provi-
dence, R.I. Printed by The Lane Press,
P.O. Box 130, Burlington, Vt. 05403. Send
changes of address to Alumni Records,
P.O. Box 1908, Providence, R.I. 02912.
(401) 863-2307, alum@brownvm.brown.edu
Send editorial correspondence to
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The Real Belize

It was distressing to see that Brown is doing biological research in my homeland, Belize. Like so many others who write about biological research, writer Norman Boucher has glamorized what takes place in this country.

For centuries, Belize (which is located in Central America and not the Caribbean, as Boucher stated) was a British protectorate. When the British had raped it of minerals and anything else they thought useful, they gave the country its independence. British Honduras became Belize, named after the capital city.

Now Brown's biology department appears to be benefiting from everything Belize has to offer. But at what cost? Pharmaceutical companies and universities are forever conducting research in Belize to benefit organizations and businesses. In many cases, research conducted in Third World countries would never be allowed in the United States under federal laws.

What does Belize get out of it? Does Brown offer the country any sort of profit from the research? Does Brown give scholarships to residents of Belize? I saw no mention in the article even of a cultural exchange in which local students could participate in the research, thereby offering both Belizeans and Brown students firsthand knowledge of each other's way of life and culture. In fact, I saw no Belizeans in any of the photos or even mentioned in the article.

How quaint that Brown students can do research in a Third World country, in the section that is a tropical paradise, and not associate with residents in the Belize that is impoverished and desperate for aid. I find it rather Elizabethan that biology professor Mark Bertness encourages scientists to rampage through Belize to discover what scientists have already destroyed in their own countries.

I'm glad I graduated from Brown when civil rights, ethics, integrity, and humanity were some of its distinguishing characteristics. If this biodiversity program is a reflection of what Brown has become, well — as the police say to the survivors — “I'm sorry for your loss.”

Skye Dent '76

Los Angeles

skypedtrek@aol.com

Managing Editor Norman Boucher replies: Skye Dent could not have known how the group I described aided Belize's citizens because I focused my text entirely on the trip's scientific projects. In fact, it was Belize's culture and the warmth of its people that first drew Professor of Biology Mark Bertness to the country thirteen years ago. Thanks to Bertness's friendships and contacts, the group in January worked closely with local residents, who were also paid guides. Bertness also made sure the students visited cultural and archaeological sites to learn about Belize's heritage.

Although Belize has made great strides in overcoming its colonial past, there is still much work to be done to raise the living standard of its people. This makes all the more remarkable Belize's decision to avoid cashing in on the kind of short-sighted logging and mining that marked the colonial period. Far from “encouraging scientists to rampage through Belize” for the benefit of outsiders, Bertness led studies of basic ecology that are useless to pharmaceutical companies. Instead, the research can help resource managers better understand how Belize's natural richness works, enabling them to develop such sustainable industries as ecotourism while preserving the priceless biological diversity that has characterized Belize far longer than did British rule.

20/20 Vision

I am a feminist. I work more than forty hours a week toward gender equity — in education, in the workplace, and at home. I lobby both Tallahassee and Washington to support programs that promote equity for all women and girls. As a member of the Equity Program for the Hillsborough County Public Schools, I participate in programs mentoring young women and give sexual harassment workshops to students and faculty.

The hair stood up on the back of my neck while I watched the [March 28] segment on ABC's *20/20* about how Brown is dealing with date rape. Indignation won't cut it, especially when it is coupled with frenzied, irrational behavior and an embarrassing inability to articulate the problem.

I hope that the students who sacrificed a unique opportunity to present a very serious problem to the public will garner their outrage to work toward eliminating sexual harassment/assault on campuses. They should begin to lobby the college administration for effective controls on alcohol and drugs, the two major causes of date rape. A student/faculty commission should be established to take the message into dorms and fraternities — not only that nonconsensual sex has serious consequences, but that student ostracism is even more brutal. Freshman orientation should include a strict warning against one-night stands and a discussion of the blurred line between consensual and nonconsensual sexual encounters. A hotline (consisting of women *and* men) should also be set up to help students deal with the problem.

Most important in the prevention of sexual harassment and date rape is education. I hope these same students will lobby Congress and their state legislatures to require all public schools to include sexual-harassment workshops in the middle and high schools, and bul-lying workshops on the elementary level. It is much more difficult to change a pattern of behavior than to stop it before it ever begins.

Leslie Michael Henderson '69

Tampa, Fla.

tilita@aol.com

The writer is Florida state director for programs, the American Association of University Women. — Editor

In reference to the 20/20 segment by reporter John Stossel, I read your article ("TV Tempest," Elms, March) about what you say happened and what the *Brown Daily Herald* editors thought Mr. Stossel would report on.

I don't care about what Mr. Stossel said, but I can't believe what I *saw* on TV. It has been some time since I have seen a more ignorant bunch of college students – not much different than what happened in Germany under Hitler. Brown is probably the only place in America where one female's allegations can convict you.

Don Gautreaux
Lafayette, La.

I hope John Stossel's "inflammatory brand of journalism" did "obscure the truth" about the Adam Lack incident and its aftermath, as the *Brown Daily Herald* predicted in its editorial reprinted in the March *BAM*. I hate to think the 20/20 segment as it aired was more or less accurate in its greatly embarrassing portrait of the University today.

While it's difficult to measure every detail of the Adam Lack affair from a distance, it's not hard to get a picture of a campus where reason is no match for topical hysteria. "This is one of the nation's great universities?" is a question that no doubt passed the lips of any number of viewers tuned to ABC that night. I'm sure some of the images of cant and intemperance were sharpened by Stossel's skills as a savvy media merchant, but he didn't actually hire a cast of callow extras to impersonate all those Brown undergraduates, did he?

Sean R. Mitchell '70
Pasadena, California
seanriley@earthlink.net

As you would expect, I'm sure the 20/20 report will create quite a stir nationwide.

In an educational institution, administrators and students need to have open minds. One group thinking that its views are the only right views leads to a divisive atmosphere that causes mistrust and hate. The statement on the air by a Brown student that a burden of proof isn't necessary for the dismissal of a student is ludicrous.

Maybe the policies and rules governing student conduct don't require due process in a court of law. However, the media and administrators need to be aware that their actions will impact the lives of individuals beyond the scope of the case at hand. [The *Brown Daily Herald's*] publicizing the accused person's

name and not the accuser's name was irresponsible.

Does it occur to anyone that the person who got so drunk that she got sick, lost her memory, and made sexual advances is a person who commits sexual misconduct herself? She continued the engagement and left a phone number. Could it have been that she took advantage of the man?

Matt Miller
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
miller@cedar-rapids.net

The Stalinesque witch hunt at Brown is representative of a totalitarian, mind-controlling, antediluvian policy that has gone far too far. What is wrong with you people? I am enraged and ashamed that I graduated from Brown.

Arthur Dresdale '72
Blue Bell, Pa.
adresdal@ix.netcom.com

Alcohol and Responsibility

Perhaps the disciplinary policy that covers the Adam Lack/Sara Klein incident could benefit from a review of the experience with drunk driving.

Up to the late 1970s, courts regularly found that the presence of alcohol in the blood of drivers mitigated their responsibility for vehicle crashes, even when death and permanent disability were the consequences. The drunk-driving toll was staggering.

As a result of the efforts of Mothers Against Drunk Driving and other groups, drivers began to be held responsible for their decision to drink and get behind the wheel. Stiff laws were placed on the books and enforced. Instead of a mitigating factor, alcohol in the blood became an aggravating circumstance. Conse-

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quently, drunk-driving deaths and crashes decreased significantly in absolute terms, despite growth in population and miles driven.

Brown's disciplinary policy holds that the presence of alcohol in a sexual-assault plaintiff's blood mitigates her responsibility for what happened. As we learned with drunk driving, this approach does not encourage responsible drinking behavior. Perhaps Brown would prevent future incidents such as the Lack/Klein case if it were to redraft its disciplinary policies to hold drinkers responsible for their drinking behavior.

*Kennard T. Wing '78
Havertown, Pa.*

Worrisome Trends

As a Brown graduate and a lifelong Rhode Island resident, I have followed with concern several worrisome trends at the University.

The first is an apparent increase in violent crime in and around the University. I find the scope and content of the violence, which includes sexual and physical assault, appalling. I am further worried that this has not been brought to the attention of faculty and alumni. It is my strong opinion that the University has an overwhelming responsibility to provide a violence-free campus for its students.

My second concern relates to a growing tide of political correctness, which threatens to infringe upon students' civil liberties and to distract attention from the increase in violence. As a student, I chose Brown because of its reputation for fostering intellectual curiosity and defending intellectual freedom. It was my assumption and my experience that a student's right to hold and discuss political views was protected, regardless of how unpopular such ideas might be. Having read newspaper accounts about the Adam Lack [sexual-assault] case and the campus's hostile response to faculty and students who voiced support for Lack, I can only conclude that these protected freedoms are in jeopardy at Brown.

Given the vital role the *BAM* plays in keeping graduates abreast of campus happenings, I am hopeful that upcoming issues will provide a frank exploration and discussion of these matters.

*Robert S. Crausman '85, '88 M.M.S.,
M.D.*

Pawtucket, R.I.

See the feature article, "Taking the Stand," in the April *BAM*. — Editor

Despite effusive praise for departing President Gregorian, not all is well on campus. The next president must address concerns often discussed in campus and local media, but rarely in the *BAM*. These include:

- Sexual conduct. Brown punished a student for having sexual relations with a woman who initiated the encounter while intoxicated, in the absence of evidence of force or intimidation. This has raised controversy about whether the University should adjudicate cases of alleged criminal activity, the definition of sexual assault, and its prevention.

- Limits on free expression. Administrative actions hostile to free speech — e.g., threatening only politically incorrect graffiti artists, considering "flagrant disrespect" a crime — may be why students are uncomfortable expressing unfashionable views.

- Crimes against Brown students and personnel. These include incidents of violence or brandishing deadly weapons.

- Postmodernism. A computer science professor recently lamented the English department's disinterest in clear expository writing while it remains infatuated with postmodernist thinking.

- Balkanization and politicization of the University. The University is increasingly divided, and academic decisions are driven by gender, ethnicity, race, religion, and sexual preference (e.g., controversies over ethnic studies and the recruitment of gay and lesbian students).

Roy M. Poses '73, '78 M.D.

Barrington, R.I.

Lasting Bonds

Describing my approach to community building ("The Energizer Man," February), Jennifer Sutton correctly begins: "Once people are successful with small, enjoyable ventures, they feel confident enough to tackle knottier challenges such as job creation, environmental preservation, or substance abuse prevention." She continues: "Bercovitz doesn't stick around to help work out these root problems."

Although part of being a community animator is to serve as a motivator and catalyst, helping to create initiatives that grow over time is central to my work. Indeed, "rippling out" is one of the cornerstones of my approach. I only work with a community if I can establish partnerships with local people and organizations to continue our work.

I don't reside where I work, but I do

stick around and stay in touch with *all* the communities I've worked with. For example, I began work in Greenfield, Iowa, more than ten years ago. The community thought big, started small, and has been rippling out ever since. I continue to be in touch with Greenfield residents, and I consider these long-term bonds among the most valuable aspects of my professional life.

Jeff Bercowitz '84
Chapel Hill, N.C.
chocol8man@aol.com

Leading By Example

I run the state government department in Vermont that includes the state energy office, so I was very pleased to see the progressive nature of Brown's attention to energy efficiency as revealed by your story on the design and construction of MacMillan Hall ("The Twenty Percent Solution," October).

Educational institutions need to lead by example in these areas. Such initiatives are positive in the long run, and they also expand the imaginations of architects, engineers, and procurement managers. In our land-use proceedings for some new construction in Vermont, the law directs use of the best available technology. It is nice to see a university embrace this approach rather than fight it.

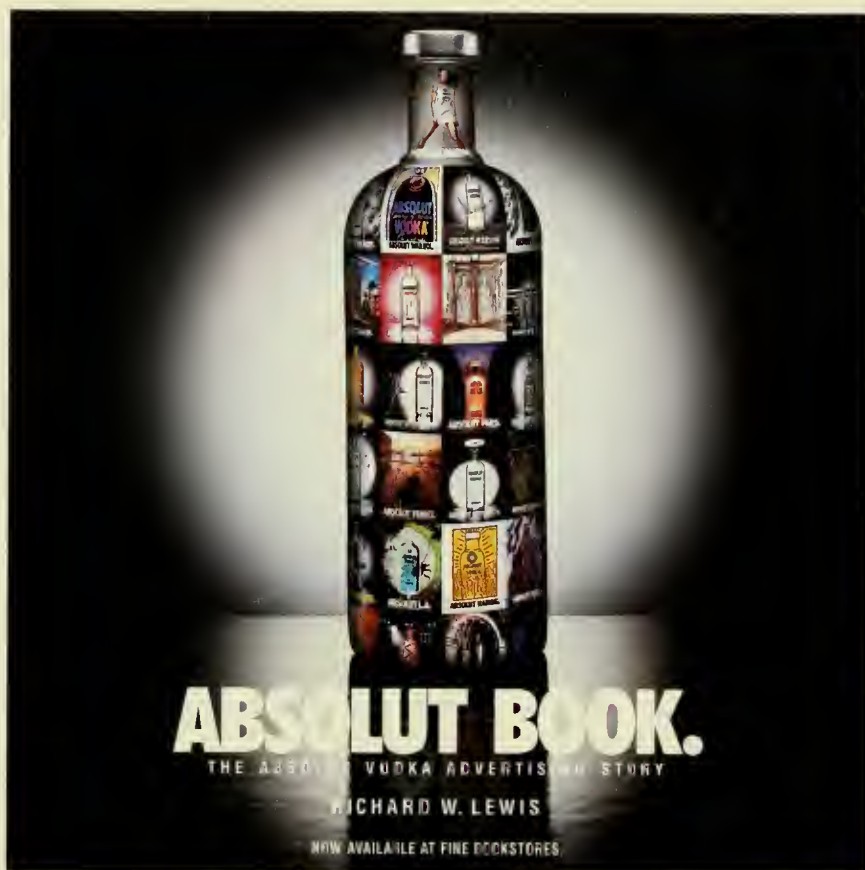
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sedano@psd.state.vt.us

Fiction or Nonfiction?

Reviewer Chad Galts is incorrect in drawing a strong parallel (Books, February) between Peter Landesman's novel, *The Raven*, and Truman Capote's 1965 work, *In Cold Blood*. *The Raven* is fiction; *In Cold Blood* is, in fact, nonfiction. Landesman reimagines a long-past incident; Capote created a factual account of the Clutter murders after exhaustively interviewing subjects over a period of years.

As Galts notes in his review, Capote did coin the phrase "nonfiction novel" to describe *In Cold Blood*. With this curious term, he managed to confuse any number of subsequent commentators. He may have used the designation to encourage acceptance of the book by the literary community of the day, which regarded reportage as a poor cousin of the novel.

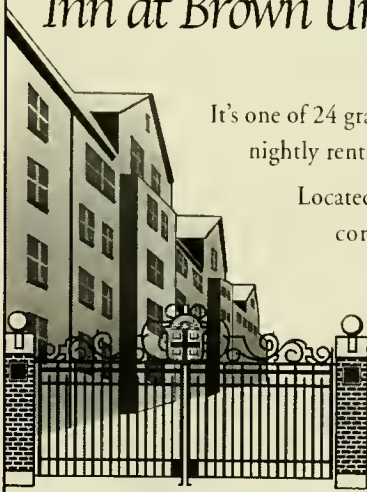
With *In Cold Blood*, Capote showed,



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better than anyone before him, that a true account of events could be great literature. He demonstrated that a writer could adhere to actual happenings while using literary approaches and devices most nonfiction authors had shied away from, such as dialogue, interior monologues, sophisticated shifting of point of view, and dramatic scene-by-scene construction. The book single-handedly invented the contemporary "true crime" genre. It also helped invent the New Journalism. It ranks with *The Executioner's Song* and *The Right Stuff* in the top tier of that demanding and exciting category.

Bob Frost '77
San Francisco

Creative Currency

It is good to see Brown University in the news. I was surprised on February 24 to read [Adjunct Professor of East Asian Studies] Arthur Waldron's letter to the editor in the *Wall Street Journal*, expanding upon some of Milton Friedman's currency concepts. I was especially pleased since the professor's letter supported some of the "creative currency" ideas I have published in my book, *The Visionary Viewpoint* (Pencil-Power Press).

Brown is increasing the sphere of its influence through such efforts as Waldron's.
Frank Rycyk Jr.
Jefferson City, Mo.

The Silent Artists

Your recent paean to gifted artists Michael Harper, Judith Stillman, and Wendy Edwards, among others (Here & Now, February), is both refreshing and profoundly troubling. It is troubling because of its breezy assumption that art can or does redeem pain.

There is a pain beyond the capacity of the artist to express, pain beyond redemption from any source, earthly or heavenly. It is the pain that cannot fill out a résumé, can't convince editorial boards to publish works, doesn't live off the beneficence of a professorial salary, and has no ability to garner federal funds.

A true paean, truer to the experience of living, would be for the editor to give over the column to those who are ugly in their expression of pain, repulsive in their reaction to loss, who indeed are the flotsam and jetsam of a society which has the perverse capacity to fool itself into thinking that any kind of art can be

expressed in the "posh Westin Hotel."

The true artists may be those who are silent amid stupefying realities. They are not so concerned with squeezing meaning out of an empty tube of life. They, the silent ones, hold the key to our speech. They, the unlettered ones, hold the key to our writing.

Rev. Bill Long '74, '82 Ph.D.
Salem, Ore.

Pre-meds in India

Once again Brown is on the cutting edge of higher education with programs focusing on experiential, hands-on learning. I'm writing to inform readers about a journey that eight Brown premeds will undertake this coming fall as part of a medical mission to a rural clinic in Kerala, India. We will engage in a variety of clinical activities, ranging from assisting Indian physicians to researching the spread of AIDS and HIV through laboratory testing. In addition, we'll be involved in the construction of roads and latrines.

This trip is the beginning of what we hope will become an established premedical education program. If you would like to receive more details, we are eager to hear from you.

Kedar Mate '99
Campus
Kedar_Mate@brown.edu

Here Comes the Millennium

I was saddened to read your pronouncement (Mail, February) that the new millennium begins "strictly speaking" in 2001. You were affirming some reader's contention that the next millennium does not begin with the dawning of the year 2000.

One of the great mathematical triumphs of our species is the invention of, and broad understanding of, the concepts of zero and place notation. Have you ever tried to multiply or divide using Roman numerals?

The Roman calendar, modified by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C., was incredibly complicated. This Julian calendar was the predecessor to the Gregorian calendar, adjusted by edict of Pope Gregory XIII in 1582. Once the calendar was written with Arabic numbers and the years counted in Arabic numbers, then the mathematical rules governing those numbers were in control.

To dismiss these truths by some limp

assertion that "of course there was no Year Zero" is to be much too casual. With the calendar and the Arabic numbering system we use today, the new millennium begins in the first microsecond of the year 2000. At the beginning of the year 2001, it will be *one year old*.

When your baby is born, do you claim it is not alive until it is a year old? Nonsense. The time of birth is noted, and the life begins. On its first birthday, it is already a year old.

When you start on a trip and push the reset button on the trip meter in your car, it resets to 000. If it didn't, it wouldn't accurately measure how far you went on that trip. If you don't traverse that first mile, you'll never get there.

*Haven't you heard of zero?
It has no value really
But without it, don't you know
That all those other numbers
Would not know where to go.*
Juanita H. Wagner '49 Ph.D.
Camano Island, Wash.
billy@whidbey.net

Doctors and Patients

Re: "The Youngest Doctors" (December): "Sometimes I wonder why I'm treating a person who just wants to be left alone. At the same time I feel compelled to do everything I medically can." (Dr. Preetha Basaviah '91, '95 M.D., a resident at Beth Israel Hospital)

Whoa! This is the 1990s. There is the Patient's Bill of Rights, there are advance directives (do not revive, no extraordinary measures), there are living wills, and there are health-care proxies. Under no circumstances is a doctor to proceed without a patient's or a proxy's okay. Physicians have been sued for less.

Is this what Brown wishes Beth Israel to promote among Brown's young doctors?

Very troubling, indeed.
Joan Hoost McMaster '60
Bristol, R.I.

Physician Fatigue

I am relieved to hear from Dr. Marantz (Mail, March) that, unlike airplane pilots, railroad engineers, nuclear power plant operators, truck drivers, and persons in other occupations where hours on the job are limited by law for safety reasons, physicians are not subject to the debilitat-

ing effects of fatigue. However, given Dr. Marantz's failure in his letter to provide any references to studies supporting his claim, I think I'll pass on being treated by a resident who has been on the job for twenty-six hours without sleep.

Geary Mizuno '77
Bethesda, Md.
gsm@nrc.gov

Hurricane Watch

I read with interest your story on Loui's Family Restaurant ("Louis' Loui's," Elms, February), in which you note that prices have remained fixed since Hurricane Gloria passed through in 1984.

I have many distinct memories of that hurricane: taping our freshman dorm windows in anticipation, hurriedly packing sandwiches at the Ratty, and sitting on the grass behind Hope College with friends, eating Oreo cookies in the gathering winds.

But what I remember most clearly is that I didn't arrive at Brown until 1985.

Bryan Walpert '89
Baltimore
walps@uram.umd.edu

Build an Ark

Dr. Rob Sokolic's comment (Mail, March) that "It has been a long time since Brown was a Christian university, and those days are appropriately and, I hope, permanently behind us" has incited me to make a few observations.

Christianity has sinned numerous times against the Jewish people, but over the long haul it has provided American Judaism with its greatest buffer against the godless ethnocentrism that has pursued the Jewish people since the days of the idolaters of Egypt and Babylon. Though Jews and Christians differ over who and what Jesus was, we are united by our reverence for God's law. Rather than quibbling over whether meetings should infringe on Jewish or Christian religious observances, Christians and Jews at Brown should be laboring to indite the Law of Moses on the front wall of every campus building.

As the son of an alumnus and the husband of an alumna, it is my opinion that Brown, like most colleges and universities today, is a boot camp for the indoctrination of apostate Christians and Jews. A mind is sterile that does not know God, and Brown strikes me as a



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morally sterile, yet self-righteous, place.

The Ivy League, like the news media, big-time publishing, and Unholywood, seems to be clueless about what is really happening in America. Out here in the so-called "desert" of the Bible Belt, Jews and Christians are building an ark while Brown and countless other individuals and institutions are trying to remake the world in man's image. Quit fighting over who owns the dung-heap, and start building an ark that will float gently over the vicissitudes of time and the flood.

Samuel S. Cuthbert
Hagerstown, Md. ☞

CORRECTION

A photo caption accompanying the March obituary for Professor Joseph Loferski incorrectly referred to "the physics department." As the obituary itself noted, Professor Loferski taught in the Division of Engineering. We regret the error.

FEW THINGS influence our checkbooks more than the national economy, yet few subjects elicit more yawns than economics. Interest rates, monetary policy, market share, gross domestic product, levels of full employment – the language of economics often seems designed to keep its inner workings obscure.

No wonder economists see the world differently than the rest of us. On the one hand, parents are no longer optimistic that their children will be financially better off than they are. Middle-class managers, nervously watching their neighbors lose their jobs to downsizing, wonder whether they have the job security or the savings to cover their kids' college education. Economists, on the other, applaud downsizing as a necessary efficiency for a more competitive time. They look at the economy and see growth that is robust, healthy, and prolonged. Who's right?

This year's *Providence Journal/Brown University Public Affairs Conference* bravely tackled this economic credibility gap. Titled "Updating the American Dream: What to Expect from Tomorrow's Economy," the March event brought to campus dozens of economists, journalists, bankers, corporate executives, union leaders, and public-policy wonks. For six afternoons and evenings they expounded differing views on such subjects as tomorrow's work force, growing economic inequality, and corporate citizenship. Along the way they offered both a clear description of the rapid changes underway in our economy and profound disagreement over the implications of those changes.



Over the Horizon

How to prepare for tomorrow's economy today

Despite the anxiety many workers feel, the economic data are undeniably rosy. Robert Lerman, director of the Urban Institute's Human Resource Policy Center, pointed out that the United States economy continues to generate massive numbers of jobs. In 1995, he said, 95 percent of the U.S. work force was employed, a percentage that is the envy of Europe: "And they're not all McDonald's jobs, as some in Europe would like to believe." Claudia Goldin, a Harvard economic historian, argued that fear over the economy is misplaced. "You shouldn't feel bad," she said. "You should feel good." The U.S. economy is not slowing down, she added; the economies of the rest of the world are simply catching up.

But beneath the data are some troubling trends. Real

wages continue to fall, said Marc Tucker '61, president of the National Center on Education and the Economy. Given the central role high technology now plays in the U.S. economy, the pressure on workers to keep up is greater than ever. "It used to be that if you had a high school diploma," said Tucker, "you were better off than if you didn't have one, and if you had a bachelor's degree, you were more or less in fat city." Now, he added, the only way to ensure upward mobility is with a graduate degree.

James Burge, who until his recent retirement was a corporate vice president at Motorola, agreed that corporations now require smarter workers. Motorola, he said, spends \$140 million a year on training and education for its 140,000 employees. "We test

job applicants for ninth-grade reading and math, and in the United States 50 percent fail. In China, we are finding a 70 percent pass rate." The point, he concluded, is that jobs have changed, and schools are not coping well with that fact.

Others at the conference were not as quick to blame workers. AFL-CIO president John Sweeney pointed to disruptions caused by companies that downsize relentlessly or whose loyalty to their workers vanishes when a new state offers them the slightest incentive for moving. The attitude, he said, is "the hell with the workers." According to William Dunkelberg, an economics professor from Temple University and the chief economist for the National Federation of Independent Business, publicly held corporations are under pressure from shareholders to get the best deal they can. "The best thing a company can do is provide jobs to people," he said, and an unprofitable company is unlikely to provide jobs to anyone for very long. "If we could stay where we are and still keep the company profitable, there's no reason to leave."

Where are all these changes taking us? Will the future, as some have predicted, be characterized by an economy made up of a gypsy work force of temporary employees and mobile companies with no commitment to workers or communities? Or will today's downsizings settle into an even more productive economy marked by low inflation, rising wages, and minimal unemployment? It's difficult to say. As Claudia Goldin pointed out, "economists cannot tell the future."
— Norman Boucher

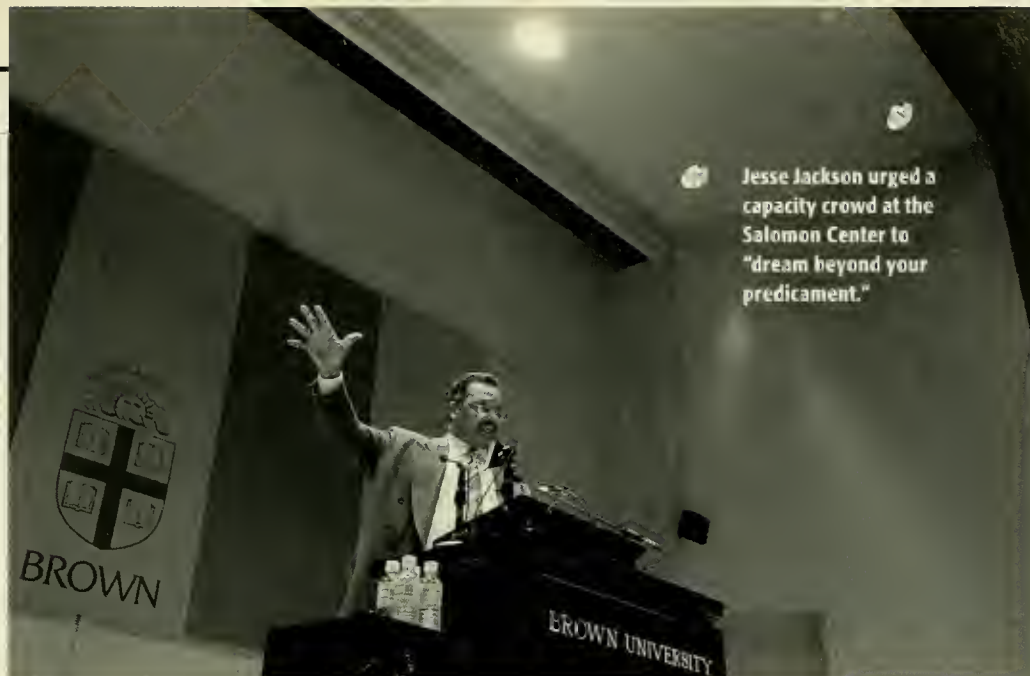
To Dream

Beyond race lies character

JESSE JACKSON never settles for a lukewarm turn of phrase — he burns. Beginning with slow, soothing tones, he then picks up the pace, pointing to unseen objects with his large, spatulate hands. His voice smolders, getting scratchier and growing louder one notch at a time. Thirty minutes into his speech at the Salomon Center in April, Jackson was shaking the podium, his voice a thunderous boom: "Dream!" he belted at the capacity crowd.

Such oratory can turn battle-weary metaphors into freshly polished gems: "America was born in sin and shaped in iniquity with an awesome burden to bridge the gap," he said at the talk, which was sponsored by the Third World Center, the Cultural Activities Board, and Brown College Democrats. "There is an opportunity gap, a funding gap, a growing class gap. Shall we go forward by inclusiveness and healing, or backward by hate and hysteria? Your generation must become bridge builders and heal the breach."

Jackson urged the crowd to think of America as "one big tent — with equal protection, equal access, and fair share." To illustrate how far we have to go, Jackson talked about a recent visit to Springfield, Illinois. There was a marked contrast, he said, between a new high school in an affluent suburb where \$16,000 was spent on each of the mostly white students, and an overcrowded, rundown inner-city school where \$2,900 was spent on each student. "It's come full circle," he said. "At the beginning, only those who owned property could vote. Now only those who own property have the



Jesse Jackson urged a capacity crowd at the Salomon Center to "dream beyond your predicament."

right to a good education."

Echoing his mentor, Martin Luther King Jr., Jackson added, "We suffer from dream deficit disorder." We need to emulate Jesus's Good Samaritan, he continued, as did the white man who videotaped the beating of Rodney King. The man wasn't thinking about race, Jackson said. He simply saw four policeman beating a man to death.

"Beyond race, beyond color, beyond culture, there's something called character," Jackson concluded. "You did nothing to achieve your race. It doesn't take much effort to have the culture of your environment. But to dream beyond your predicament — that is the awesome power of dreams." — *Chad Galts*

Title IX Redux

The Supreme Court bows out

IT'S OFFICIAL: sixty colleges and universities and nearly fifty members of the U.S. House of Representatives can be wrong. These were among the supporters of the University's appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court to overturn a lower court decision that Brown is in violation of Title

IX, the federal statute prohibiting sex discrimination in higher education. On April 21, the court decided without comment to let the earlier decision stand.

The action was front-page news around the country. Attorneys for the women athletes who filed the original suit in 1992 immediately claimed victory. But Beverly Ledbetter, the University's general counsel, says the issues raised by Title IX remain unresolved while enforcement focuses on numbers. Although Brown has seventeen varsity women's teams — a higher number than most schools — the courts have ruled that this number does not meet the proportionality standard because the ratio of female to male athletes does not match the ratio of 54 percent female to 46 percent male undergraduates.

To satisfy the earlier ruling that these ratios must be brought in line, on April 21 the University submitted a Title IX compliance plan to the U.S. District Court. The plan includes a donor-funded equestrian team begun last year, a newly created light-

weight women's rowing team, and the elevation of women's water polo from a club team to a donor-funded varsity sport. The changes should bring the gender ratio between athletes to within a single percentage point of the ratio between men and women in the undergraduate student body.



The effects of the Supreme Court decision not to hear the case at this time will be felt far beyond the University. "Brown's case was always acknowledged as a case where the University went a long way to provide opportunities to women," Ledbetter said. "If Brown didn't do well, everyone else is at risk." — *Norman Boucher*

Place Maps

Histories, personal and public

KARYN STERN '97 began her freshman year armed with a map of the University. Soon, as she grew accustomed to her new surroundings, this official map was replaced by her own mental sketch of campus, whose landmarks were Kappa Alpha Theta (her sorority house), the biomed center (where she took most of her classes), and the Ratty and Oliver's Pub (where she ate her meals and socialized). The rest of campus faded into the background.

Graduate student Sarah Leavitt realized just how faded that background was when she asked students in her self-designed AmCiv course, *The Power of Place*, to draw personalized maps of campus. She found that their "place maps" — a term coined by

architectural historian Witold Rybczynski — included practically none of the University's official historic buildings. Instead, the post office took center stage — "our connection with the rest of the world," one student said — as did the Rock, the Ratty, and off-campus restaurants. In addition to these communal landmarks, Leavitt notes, the place maps included plenty of personal variation: Greek houses, the athletic center, the Rites & Reason theater, the graffiti-covered stairwell in the List Art Center. One student highlighted an off-campus yacht club where she often sailed; another included Hasbro Children's Hospital because she'd worked there as part of a class.

Leavitt set out to introduce her students to campus spots *not* on their place maps. "Brown prides itself on its history," Leavitt says, "but it doesn't really make that his-

SINCE LAST TIME...

At a **surprise birthday party** for President Gregorian on April 8, students presented him with a clay bust and a commemorative food tray from the Ratty.... Bethany Boisvert '99 was named ECAC **Gymnastics Rookie of the Year**, while head coach Jackie Court was named **co-Coach of the Year**.... Though 250 **jugglers on Lincoln Field** failed to break the world record for number of objects aloft at one time (2,478), they did manage to keep 750 items in the air and raise \$300 for financial aid.... The University accepted **17.1 percent** of the 14,897 who applied for the class of 2001, its most selective rate ever.... **Chelsea Clinton**, who visited campus twice last year, will enter Stanford in the fall.

tory available in a public way." The only suggestion of a building's past is a commemorative plaque or portrait of the person after whom it was named. So Leavitt took her class on weekly field trips through the University's historic sites and collections, filling in the spaces on the place maps with vivid stories from the past. When her students visited the Soldier's Arch war memorial on Lincoln Field, for example, they soon were debating emotionally its value on a campus known for anti-war protests.

Despite living in what Karyn Stern calls "really enclosed worlds" at Brown, Leavitt's students were soon sharing a sense of historical romance about the University. They became curious about such traditions as Josiah Carberry Day and the custom of rubbing the nose of the John Hay bust for luck. Too many current students, laments Jennifer Cook '97, are more interested in *challenging* tradition than celebrating it. "As a senior I didn't feel that air of history here," she said. "I wanted to have that before I left." — *Jennifer Sutton*

The world according to Allyson Constant '97: a sorority and the Ratty eclipse historic landmarks on campus.



Who Are We?

Filmmaker Ken Burns wants to know

DURING HIS President's Lecture at the Salomon Center on April 17, Ken Burns said he knew he'd become synonymous with documentary filmmaking when he started seeing himself caricatured in editorial cartoons. After his Emmy-winning PBS series, *Baseball*, aired in 1994, one cartoon featured two children eyeing the scribble on an autographed baseball and exclaiming, "Ooooooh, Ken Burns!" Another showed a bleary-eyed couple staring at a television set, above which were the words: "Coming soon to PBS: *O.J.* — a 2,575-hour documentary." "Ken Burns has got to be stopped," the man says to his wife.

A 1975 Hampshire College graduate, Burns began his film career with the Oscar-



nominated *Brooklyn Bridge* in 1981 and went on to rack up laurels for a string of documentaries on American history. Most notable was *The Civil War*, which became public television's highest-rated series when it first aired in 1990. It won more than forty major film and television awards.

Burns gives history an immediacy that more conventional approaches often lack. He used the story of American baseball, for example, to highlight America's racial divide. "When Jackie Robinson walked out onto a ball field in the spring of 1947," Burns said, "his glorious moment was the first real progress in civil rights since the Civil War." Robinson's big moment, Burns noted, "would be watched with awe and gratitude by a young junior at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Georgia, named Martin Luther King."

In his three-hour biography of Thomas Jefferson, which aired earlier this year on PBS, Burns poked at the founding father's maddening contradictions. "He denounced the moral bankruptcy he saw in Europe," Burns pointed out, "but delighted in the gilded salons of Paris. . . . He distilled a century of Enlightenment thinking into one remarkable sentence which began, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' Yet he owned more than 200 human beings and never saw fit in his lifetime to free them."

This fall, PBS will air Burns's latest biography, of nineteenth-century explorers Lewis and Clark. Other projects include a history of jazz, scheduled to be shown in 2000. What unites all these films, Burns says, is "one deceptively simple question: who are we as Americans?"

— Anne Diffily



Tom Brokaw accepts this year's Welles Hangen ('49) Award, named for the NBC journalist (below) who disappeared while covering the Vietnam War.



BROWN ARCHIVES

Profiles in Courage

Brokaw visits the latest hot spot — campus

AT THE PEAK of the civil rights movement in the early 1960s, a young television reporter named Tom Brokaw went to Georgia to cover the struggle over voting rights. "You march and you die," white supremacists warned local blacks. So when parishioners of a small Baptist church gathered behind closed doors one night to decide what to do, Brokaw planted

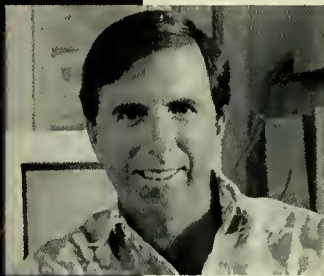
himself outside. At midnight the church door finally opened, and a young woman emerged, her hands shaking. "What are you going to do?" asked Brokaw. "I'm going to march," she announced. "Aren't you scared?" he asked. "Of course," she replied. "But I have no other choice."

Although Brokaw has long since forgotten the woman's name, she remains, he says, one of the most commanding people he's interviewed in his thirty-five-year journalism

career, which has included encounters with such luminaries as Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., Mikhail Gorbachev, and a string of U.S. presidents. It's been a career of remarkable breadth. Brokaw has anchored NBC's nightly newscast from the rooftops of Beirut, the streets of Kuwait, and the shores of Somalia. Two years ago he was the first network correspondent to report from the bombed-out federal building in Oklahoma City, and last summer he was the first network anchor to report from the crash scene of TWA flight 800.

Brokaw visited campus April 2 to receive the 1997 Welles Hangen Award for Distinguished Journalism. The award was established by President Gregorian in 1993 to commemorate Hangen '49, the NBC reporter who, with his crew, vanished in Cambodia in 1970 while covering the Vietnam War. In his acceptance speech to a packed Sayles Hall, Brokaw called Hangen "the last of a breed, traveling wherever the hot spots were."

Despite the efforts of Brokaw and other old-school broadcast journalists, Hangen probably wouldn't recognize network news today. In an age when glamour and sensationalism have nearly overtaken real journalism on television, Brokaw noted that "it's important for us to continue [Hangen's] legacy no matter how grand our trappings have become." — Jennifer Sutton



A neuron showing filament-like dendrites, on which synapses are highlighted in red. Inset: Justin Fallon.

Cell Talk

A new protein opens doors to the brain

HOW DOES your brain tell your fingers to turn the pages in a book, find an itch that needs to be scratched, or keep your heart beating? Justin Fallon, who joined Brown's neuroscience faculty as an assistant professor last July, wants to know how the brain communicates with the rest of the body. During Brain Research Science Day, an April program of presentations by cognitive science, neuroscience, and psychology researchers, Fallon, a molecular biologist, described how he is embarking on his search for answers: one cell at a time.

While working as a postdoctoral researcher at Stanford during the 1980s, Fallon discovered agrin, a protein that changed the way neurologists think about synapses, or the connections neurons make to other cells in order to communicate with them. He and his research team proved that neurons secrete agrin when they come in contact with muscle cells, and that the protein determines how and where the two cells connect.

Fallon then turned to the inside of the muscle cell. "In order for a muscle cell to respond," he explains, "it has to have its receptive machinery underneath where the synapse is forming." While searching for the receptor for agrin,

Fallon found that the protein may help to organize dystrophin, a hockey-stick-shaped protein inside the muscle cell. "That's where we found the big surprise," Fallon says. Dystrophin, when mutated or improperly assembled, can cause muscular dystrophy. Although agrin's role in the disease, which results in the death of the muscle cells with bad dystrophin, has yet to be clearly identified, Fallon's work has "opened potential avenues for therapeutic intervention," he says.

In his new lab on the third floor of the Medical Research Lab, Fallon has begun to look at how these two proteins interact in the brain, a far more difficult challenge since almost nothing is known about how synapses form in the brain. Because many people with muscular dystrophy also suffer from cognitive problems, Fallon believes his work on muscle cells may be a good model for understanding how and where these problems arise — an understanding that may one day shed light on how the brain develops.

Much of the brain's basic structure is preprogrammed into our genes and develops by itself, he says, but the final wiring is based on individual experience and activity. "Here's the machinery; now, how can we figure out how these two interact?" — *Chad Galts*

The Thinkers

Professors are real people, too

THE ROAD to the computer lab can begin in some pretty strange places. Associate Professor Leslie Kaelbling grew up on her parents' California farm, where she spent a good deal of time alone in the fields, running barefoot on irrigation pipes, squelching mud between her toes, and thinking. Farming, says this expert in robotics and artificial intelligence, is a good occupation either for "those whose minds don't need a lot of stimulation or those whose minds generate their own stimulation."

Kaelbling's history of intellectual resourcefulness made her an ideal participant in a series of monthly convocations offered this year by the office of the dean of the College. The lunchtime gatherings, complete with apples and brownies, gave students an informal glimpse, in Kaelbling's words, of the "intellectual life stories" of their teachers. In earlier convocations Professor of English David Savran recounted his journey into the field of lesbian and gay studies; Associate Professor of Community Health Sally Zierler discussed how she'd come to combine activism with academia in her research on women and AIDS.

The convocations are a throwback to the late 1950s, when Joyce Reed '61, now associate dean of the College, and her classmates attended weekly midday lectures by professors and other intellectuals. Nowadays, she says, it's rare that students get to know faculty members outside their departments. She conceived the convocations to give students — and anyone else on campus — the chance to hear

professors talk about "how their lives and work come together." The gatherings were also opportunities, Dean of the College Kenneth Sacks said while introducing Kaelbling, to celebrate "a commitment to the mind, a life of intellect, and a sense of achievement."

For Kaelbling, nothing blends those pursuits better than computer science. It was during graduate school at Stanford, when she was working for the Stanford Research Institute, that she happily realized she was "getting paid to sit and think." In developing computer programs, she said,



"you get the creativity of thinking about a problem and designing a solution with the hide-and-seek of debugging" the result. Plus, she added, "you have the instant gratification of having a thing that works." But with so many lucrative computer research jobs out there, why teach? "After all that thinking," she said, "I gotta tell someone."

Judging from Kaelbling's story, becoming a hot-shot computer scientist isn't just about spending every moment writing code. As she rides her horse at home in rural Massachusetts and takes long walks with her new baby daughter, Kaelbling seems to have recreated the same freedom she had years ago on her parents' farm — with plenty of time to think. — *Jennifer Sutton*

A Modest Proposal

Swift justice for African dictators

NIGERIAN PLAYWRIGHT, poet, and memoirist Wole Soyinka is the worst kind of subversive. He does not incite riots or lead guerrilla cadres. He wounds with an astringently ironic sense of humor, and his pen has drawn enough blood to earn the enmity of Nigeria's dictator, General Sani Abacha. In March the general's regime, which was widely condemned two years ago for executing environmentalist and human rights activist Ken Saro-Wiwa along with eight other dissidents, charged Soyinka with treason, a capital offense.

At an April President's Lecture in Sayles Hall titled "Rituals, Sacred and Profane," the Nobel laureate's quiet subversion was on full display. Soyinka began by characterizing the crassness of American culture and was soon presenting a barbed proposal for how it might be used as a model for appeasing brutal African dictators.



Wole Soyinka

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BY CHAD GALTS



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- [Links](#) to such sites as the World Health Organization's tuberculosis program, the Centers for Disease Control, the National Cancer Institute, and the TB-HIV Lab at Brown.

WHAT I THINK:

A great example of what the Web can bring to teaching, this project is the brainchild of Assistant Professor of Medicine Anne DeGroot, who taught the class with Professor Paul Knopf. Groups of students prepared presentations on eight of the planet's most serious infectious diseases. Rather than discuss their material in class and then promptly forget about it, however, they worked with hypertext whiz Peter Yoon '97 to post their findings the same day. Though the site's content is well-informed and sharply written, design quality improves as you move into recent updates.

The diseases covered include tuberculosis, hepatitis B, schistosomiasis, malaria, trypanosomiasis (African sleeping sickness), human papilloma-virus, cancer, and HIV. The page devoted to cancer is an attractive, clearly written round-up of what the disease does, which genes are most involved, and the current state of vaccine development. The malaria page boasts some great diagrams, including one of the life cycle of the "female *Anopheles* mosquito vector," which describes how the disease is spread. Creepily graphic photos accompany the section on schistosomiasis, which infects more than 200 million people in seventy-four countries. The general section on vaccine development is informative and has an ingeniously built-in glossary, though the definitions of such terms as "haplotype," "immunogenicity," and "major histocompatibility complex" aren't as clear as they could be.

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In many societies, "ritual involves mystery, something hidden, kept in reserve within the participants," Soyinka said. In the United States, however, "the culture of self-exposure of the crudest, most uninhibited kind has overtaken most media — Oprah Winfrey has all the answers." Hillary Rodham Clinton and Richard Nixon serve as sacrificial lambs, "assuaging the subconscious ritualistic hunger of American society for public dismemberment of a symbolic figure."

Soyinka mused on how

he would turn such hunger to the advantage of an African dictator. The American example, he said, could "propel people toward a shrine of true communion" — namely, a faked state funeral. Elaborately staged procession rehearsals, custom-designed coffins and mausoleums: enough pomp and circumstance to satisfy both the dictators, who get to "participate in their own moment of apotheosis," and the people, who "would require little persuasion to take on a role that anticipates the demise of their tyrant."

Nigeria's dictator will probably never take Soyinka up on his offer. In 1986 the writer became the first African ever to win a Nobel for literature; nine years later he was forced to flee his country. Now a visiting professor at Emory University in Atlanta, he has formed an opposition movement called the United Democratic Front. But Soyinka is willing to let bygones be bygones. He'd even help Abacha write his own eulogy. — *Chad Galts*



Ava Cato



Aisha Stroop



Chamille Dennis



Meremu Chikwendu

HOMETOWN Fort Worth, Texas

MAJOR Human Biology

RELAY LEG First

WHY YOUR LEG IS THE HARDEST "It's a battle. Everyone's jostling for position. That's when elbows are thrown."

FAVORITE SNACK Nestle's Crunch bar

GOOD LUCK SPIRIT "I always kick my left leg out before putting it into the [starting] blocks."

DO YOU EVER LOOK BACK? "No, I always assume there's a runner breathing down my neck."

HOMETOWN Staten Island, New York

MAJOR Human Biology

RELAY LEG Second

WHY YOUR LEG IS THE HARDEST "Maintaining Ava's pace makes it really hard. I've never run behind Ava when she wasn't ahead"

FAVORITE SNACK Mangoes and kiwifruit

GOOD LUCK SPIRIT "A penny my mother gave me."

HOMETOWN Wheaton, Maryland

MAJOR International Relations/Economics

RELAY LEG Third

WHY YOUR LEG IS THE HARDEST "The pressure. Two legs have gone by. If we're already in the lead – as we usually are – I have to keep it."

FAVORITE SNACK Butter-flavored microwave popcorn

GOOD LUCK SPIRIT "Right before a race I don't want to use too much energy. So I lie down and pray."

HOMETOWN New Paltz, New York

MAJOR Modern Culture and Media/Organizational Behavior

RELAY LEG Anchor

WHY YOUR LEG IS THE HARDEST "Everyone's counting on you to bring it in hard and strong"

FAVORITE SNACK Hershey's Hugs

GOOD LUCK SPIRIT "I used to have a purple beaded necklace for luck, but I lost it."

DO YOU EVER LOOK BACK? "I try not to, but when you pass the other team's bench and they're cheering, you know something's up, and you can't help it."

Track & Field's Fab Four

Take the baton and run. Then stand still and cheer.

Nowhere in sport is there more tension between individual and team than in the relay race. In most team competition, several players perform simultaneously. But in the relay, an individual runner must wait, frozen on the track, for her teammate to slap the baton onto her palm; only then can she burst into motion.

One by one, the women's 4 x 400 relay team burst into motion – and the spotlight – at the Heptagonal indoor track and field championships in February. They ran off with a first-place finish and a near-record time for the meet; weeks later, they finished fourth out of the nearly 100 schools competing at the Eastern Championships at Dartmouth,

posting their best time of the season (3:46.36).

This is the third consecutive year that the squad has snagged the indoor Heps, and each of the four runners won All-Ivy recognition. Two eyelash-quick short sprinters, Ava Cato '97 and Meremu Chikwendu '98, eat up the first and anchor legs, respectively, and 400-meter specialists Aisha Stroop '98 and Chamille Dennis '98 gut out the middle of the race.

Even though relay athletes take turns, their coordination, to be seamless, requires that they train intensely together. In fact, the women's 4 x 400 starters are so tight that sprint coach Robert Johnson reports that the three juniors laughingly refer to themselves as "Aichamu" – a

three-headed being formed from the sounds of their first names.

What makes Ava and Aichamu tick? Above are freeze-frame portraits of four of the best runners that Brown has ever fielded. ☞

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Women's Crew	1-1
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Women's Lacrosse	3-3
Softball	2-13-1
Men's Tennis	7-3
Women's Tennis	11-2

A Public Voice

Working for a student newspaper means revealing Brown's flaws – and still loving the place.

I rapped on the door of an office in an unfamiliar building. A professor stuck her head out the door, scanned the hallway, and shushed me in. "Do you have a tape recorder with you?" she asked. She took my small, black dictaphone, removed the cassette, rolled it between her fingers.

Our clandestine conversation about an unfair tenure procedure was the basis of my first investigative news story for the *College Hill Independent*, the weekly Brown/RISD paper. At the time, Brown was still new to me, and I was still searching for those perfect collegiate pictures the catalogue had promised: lighted windows in an ivy-covered building; students of different races working late on collaborative projects; kindly, bearded professors in tweed riding bicycles. Instead I found myself standing in a dreary cinderblock hall, talking to a professor who should not have been telling her secrets to a first-year student.

But I was hooked. I became so intrigued by the process of reporting that I allowed the *Independent* to dominate much of my time. I threaded my way through issues such as need-blind admissions, sexual assault, and racism by talking with people who were directly involved. When the U.S. Department of Education was investigating Brown's financial aid office a few years ago, I received an anonymous envelope in my mailbox containing some of the alleged interviews that spurred the investigation. I interviewed Tom Wolfe, Anita Hill, and Umberto Eco. During a telephone interview I accidentally disconnected Patricia Ireland and managed to give myself a black eye while trying frantically to reconnect. "You are," I explained to her as I searched for a missing contact lens, "my first famous-person interview." Through this intense and varied submersion I grew

disillusioned with the perfect catalog images I'd been sold by the Admission Office, yet at the same time I was falling euphorically in love with the real Brown.

Once I became an editor of the *Independent* during my sophomore year, I practically lived in Conmag, a student desktop-publishing center on the second floor of Faunce House. After many fourteen-hour production nights, I learned things about Faunce: there is an alarm clock in Rabbi Flam's office that goes off every night at 11:15; the water fountain on the second floor is markedly colder than the one downstairs. From the window in Conmag I'd watch the tops of people's heads move down the steps to the post office.

Editing was a tremendous task: conceiving and assigning stories, correcting typos and awkward wording. But most challenging was helping to create a mission for the paper. As a weekly, the *Independent* has the time and space to go beneath the surface of stories. Some of those stories have offended people, but I think the controversies serve to remind the University that its students are capable of taking a responsible and active role in their community. One article, for example, addressed a student complaint with the campus's Health Services. After the article came out, another *Independent* editor and I met with two very upset doctors

to discuss the article. "Your paper might scare students away from our office," they argued. "We'd rather complaints be voiced in private."

While I could empathize with the disappointment the doctors felt in seeing their office criticized, I *do* believe it is appropriate to voice concern publicly. What the doctors saw as a threat to student confidence in their medical care, I saw as a channel of communication. The message of the article was that Health Services – and indeed the University in general – is accountable to the individuals they treat. I recognize the responsibilities of using such publicity. I acknowledge that, as college students, we are only beginning to understand this power and are perhaps insensitive to its repercussions. Nonetheless, we try to use it carefully.

Last fall I left the *Independent* to concentrate on my thesis. As a result, I have not spent much time in Faunce House lately. It is a strange feeling to pick up a copy of the paper each Thursday and read it for the first time, unaware of the particular struggle each story represents. I walk down the steps to the post office and envision my head as it must look from above, from the window in Conmag, where this week's paper is coming to life. ∞

Amy Larocca is an English concentrator from Lloyd Harbor, New York.



Scams and Schemers

Accidentally, On Purpose: The Making of a Personal Injury Underworld in America, by **Ken Dornstein** '91 (St. Martin's Press, 1997).

Insurance can bring out the worst in people. Secure in the knowledge that they're covered, some people become careless. Why drive with care if your rental car is fully insured? Others become opportunistic; accidents can be profitable. A popular bumper sticker reads, "Please hit me. I'm insured."

Worse, insurance abets frightful crimes. Unprofitable businesses burn to the ground. Occasionally, people with recently purchased life-insurance policies die suddenly and mysteriously. And a rear-end accident on the highway might turn out to be staged.

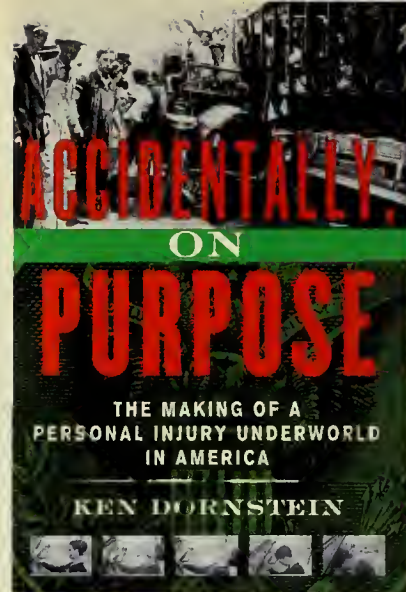
Welcome to the seamy world of insurance fraud, an unlikely place to land after graduating from Brown. But the intrigue of being a private investigator captivated Ken Dornstein, who spent several years investigating automobile accidents in

Los Angeles before writing *Accidentally, On Purpose*.

What Dornstein found was a world rich in folklore and rackets, in legendary con artists and clever investigators. Working in the "Insurance Fraud Capital of the World," he encountered elaborate, risky schemes to defraud auto insurers. The book opens and closes with a faked accident that killed one of the participants, a young day-worker from El Salvador. "The scheme involves two or three cars — one 'squat' car stuffed with passengers and one or two 'swoop' cars to assist. The driver and passengers of the cars take to the roads looking to trap another car (or truck) into rear-ending the squat car so that the passengers can make personal injury claims against the other driver's insurance company." These crimes cost insurance companies millions of dollars, ultimately paid by the premiums of honest consumers.

After a few years of investigating such fraud, Dornstein quit his job, immersing himself in insurance archives and other arcane sources to document the pathetic but colorful underworld he'd glimpsed first-hand. He documents 1890s "death rattle cooperatives" that profited by taking out life insurance "on the heads of the aged, the dying, and the stupid." Railroads soon fell victim to accident-prone passengers. We learn about Anna Strula, a boardinghouse keeper from New Jersey, who became known as "Banana Anna" after suffering a series of "accidents" by pretending to fall on a banana peel.

The distinctive lexicon of scam artists that emerges from these pages includes banana-peelers, step-box artists, broken-widow men, and nature fakers. Later



these were replaced by firebugs, accident mills, floppers, and ambulance chasers. Dornstein chronicles the misadventures of countless characters eventually apprehended for insurance crimes.

What are we to make of these sordid stories? Dornstein seems unsure. He claims they are uniquely American, but the book includes examples of "shipwrecking cliques" and other frauds from eighteenth-century England. Dornstein also talks a lot about greed, but many of his examples are stories of economic desperation. Pittsburgh's infamous "House of Pain," which specialized in self-maiming for insurance money, flourished at the peak of the Depression.

Dornstein blames lawyers, doctors, and society at large — everyone, it seems, except insurance companies. Readers get little sense that ambulance chasers often rushed to the scene of accidents in order to beat insurance company representatives, who otherwise pressured the injured to settle for pennies on the dollar. By telling only stories of fraud, Dornstein never pauses to ask whether the insurance companies are without fault. Spying into people's bedrooms or puncturing the tires on their car to investigate an accident might not seem objectionable when the target is known to be faking an injury. But what about the truly injured? Curiously, in this book the insurance industry is never wrong. Claims are apparently never delayed unfairly; suspected fakers are never truly injured. Instead, investigators are ever on guard against being "carrots" — paying the undeserving.

The world of insurance claims is more complicated, however, and so are its lessons. Insurance companies bring some of this misbehavior on themselves. While companies were bemoaning arson-for-



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ken Dornstein's interest in accidents was accidental. When a friend at Brown signed up for a campus interview with a California insurance-investigation company and didn't go, Dornstein, who hadn't scheduled any interviews himself, decided to go in his place. "Some guy from Venice Beach started telling me about something called the squat and swoop," Dornstein says. It was enough: he packed his bags and moved to Los Angeles. But for Dornstein, a philosophy concentrator at Brown, the work soon lost its glamour. "Until halfway through the year I thought it was pretty sexy to be called an investigator," he says. "But I wasn't like Jack Nicholson in *Chinatown*. I felt like a claims adjuster." So he left investigation to do "a scholarly take on something that's not taken seriously [by academics]," he says. A resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, he is now working on a television documentary about Robert F. Kennedy.

profit in nineteenth-century New York City, for example, *Colliers* magazine exposed lax underwriting procedures, demonstrating that insurers were more interested in premium dollars than in assessing risk.

Consumers pay for insurance fraud in more ways than one: not only because of defrauders and scam artists, but also due to the behavior of adjusters and investigators who see the world through a narrow lens. The result is delays, harassment, and underpayment of legitimate claims. Such problems might well be beyond the scope of this book. But they deserve to be considered by anyone puzzling through the social and policy implications of insurance fraud.

Otherwise, stories such as the one about the "Queen of the Fakers" are a lot like stories about "welfare queens." They receive widespread publicity that perpetuates negative – and inaccurate – stereotypes while failing to examine the wider universe of claimants and those who handle their claims.

Ross E. Cheit, associate professor of political science and public policy, teaches a course on "Insurance and Public Policy."

Briefly Noted

Religion and Psychology in Transition: Psychoanalysis, Feminism and Theology, by **James W. Jones** '70 (Yale University Press, 170 pages, \$22.50).

Much like the work of Freud, which Jones discusses at length, this book's case histories make for more interesting reading than its theoretical and academic deliberations. For example, Jones's description of a stressed-out magazine editor struggling to make sense of the complicated vortex of associations between his father and the Roman Catholic Church is a well-told story. Jones has a good eye for detail, and while his observations about this patient's rediscovered religion owe much to Freud, the author knows when, and how, to make the man's story his own.

Farewell to the Factory: Auto Workers in the Late Twentieth Century, by **Ruth Milkman** '75 (University of California Press, 247 pages, cloth \$45, paper \$14.95).

Using the General Motors assembly plant in Linden, New Jersey, as a case in point, Milkman tells a grimly compelling story of the latest wave in the post-

industrial revolution. She is anxious to put a human face on one large corporation's downsizing and outsourcing decisions, and the book relies heavily on the voices of the plant's workers or those who have recently left. Addressing issues such as access to bathrooms, assembly-line robots, and the racial and gender aspects of employee buyout plans (white women under the age of thirty were most likely to take advantage of the plans), Milkman doesn't pull any punches. She attacks unions for their weakness and timidity and GM for its greed and inflexibility.

Soul Kiss, by **Shay Youngblood** '94 M.F.A. (Riverhead Books, 218 pages, \$21).

A coming-of-age story about a girl who eats pages from the works of Claude McKay and Langston Hughes one word at a time, Youngblood's first novel is powerfully told and suffused with a delicate charm. The voice of the main character, Mariah, is convincing and poetic throughout the novel. Her relationships with the members of her shattered family make *Soul Kiss* a touching, though occasionally troubling, portrait of a girl with a profound and unmet need to belong. – *Chad Galts*

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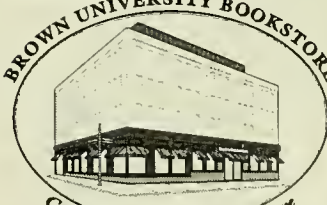
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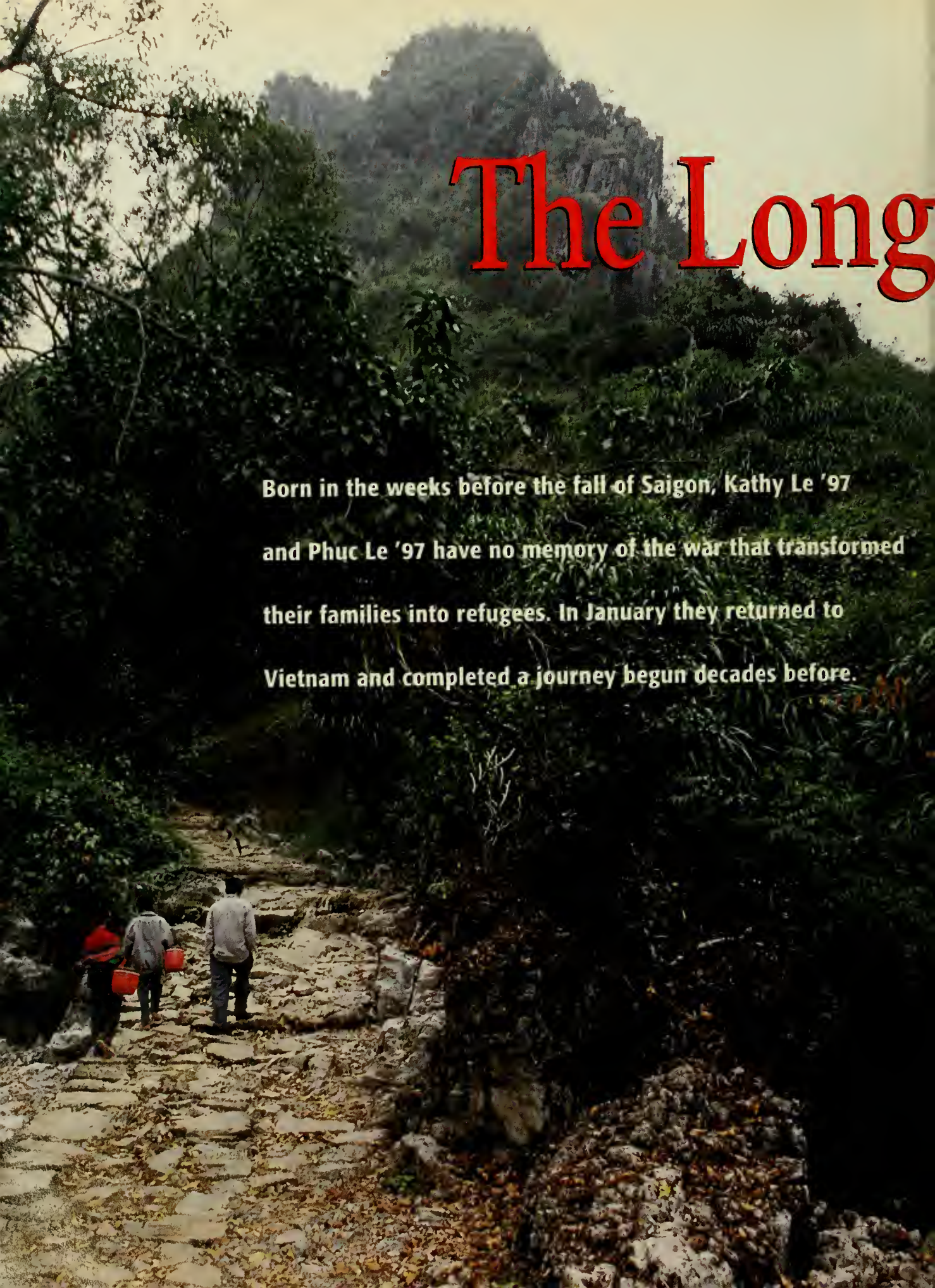


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The Long

Born in the weeks before the fall of Saigon, Kathy Le '97 and Phuc Le '97 have no memory of the war that transformed their families into refugees. In January they returned to Vietnam and completed a journey begun decades before.



Way Home

BY NORMAN BOUCHER

Years later, when Hoang Lien recalled that day in April of 1975, she would hear again the thunder of artillery shells exploding in the distance, a sound audible to her only when she was not distracted by the pains of childbirth. One hundred and fifty miles from her Saigon hospital bed, troops from the communist north advanced steadily southward. At 5:30 P.M., with her country dying around her, Hoang Lien gave birth to her first child, a daughter she named Le Nguyen Ngan Ha. Two weeks later the government of South Vietnam fell. Hoang Lien's husband, Le Thanh Son, was soon arrested and sent to a secret camp for "re-education." Hoang Lien moved to her mother's house and worried she could not provide for Ngan Ha. Milk was sometimes in such short supply that the only thing for the baby's bottle was the water from a pot of cooked rice.

Meanwhile, 200 miles to north, the city of Pleiku in the central highlands had already fallen. The site of savage battles earlier in the war, Pleiku had been abandoned with hardly a fight, unleashing the Convoy of Tears, a surge of 100,000 panicked soldiers and civilians seeking safety to the south. Amid falling mortar shells, a military surgeon named Le Anh had watched anxiously as a plane taxied down an airport runway and slowly lifted into the air. Inside, his wife and four children were fleeing to Saigon. Le Anh's youngest child, daughter Ngoc Phuc, was barely five months old. She and her siblings would be children of the vanquished side, innocent of war yet burdened with its consequences.

During the time of re-education camps and for years afterward, Le Anh and Hoang Lien waited for a chance to relieve them of this burden, knowing that opportunity in the new Vietnam would never be equal for children of American collaborators. For Hoang Lien, the waiting ended in the third month of

1980. Her daughter, Ngan Ha, was just short of her fifth birthday. After watching Ngan Ha's uncles attempt and fail to escape the country by boat, Hoang Lien turned to her husband and said, "I'm leaving. Are you coming with me?" Le Thanh Son, whose health had never quite recovered from his two-and-a-half years in re-education camps, was the oldest son in his family, a circumstance in Vietnamese culture that carries the obligation to care for the family elders. Le Thanh Son told his wife he could not leave. And so mother and daughter headed alone for the coast, carrying a jar of ginseng soaked in honey that Hoang Lien's mother had given them for the trip. The honey would absorb the medicinal qualities of the ginseng, providing a burst of energy should it be needed. For Hoang Lien was nine months pregnant.

The two arrived at the clandestine departure site on a dark, moonless night. In a small sampan they were brought to the waiting fishing boat, joining more than 100 refugees jammed on board. For seven humid and windless days they inched across the open sea. Hoang Lien and Ngan Ha sat crowded into the forward part of the boat, above the engines, whose heat during the day made the deck stifling and painful. Because the person bringing water and food to the fishing boat had been caught by the police on the night of their departure, everyone was soon hungry and dehydrated. Ngan Ha began to vomit. Eventually she turned blue. Hoang Lien feared for her daughter, and her anxiety intensified once she realized she could no longer feel the baby kicking in her womb.

During the fifth day on the boat, a woman went into labor. Her husband was already so sick he was unable to sit up. Some of the refugees scolded the woman for coming on board in her condition, but Hoang Lien gave her the honey from her jar. The woman delivered a baby girl in the darkness of night.



Kathy Le



Phuc Le

Phuc did not realize the reason for her father's photograph: he was afraid they all might die during their escape.

The young mother cried that, surrounded by filth, her baby was sure to die. "Don't worry," Hoang Lien said, "maybe your little girl will bring us luck."

On the seventh day, an Italian ship ferried them to Singapore, where Hoang Lien and Ngan Ha were taken directly from the dock to a hospital. Ngan Ha was diagnosed as dangerously dehydrated and suffering from whooping cough. She was released into the refugee camp after a few days, but almost immediately Hoang Lien went into labor and was rushed back to the hospital. Ngan Ha's earliest memory would be of running after the ambulance taking her mother away. When Hoang Lien's son was born, on March 20, 1980, the birth left her paralyzed for a month. Fearing she might not recover and her children would be lost in a sea of refugees, she prevailed on an American nun in the camp to look after Ngan Ha and the boy. The volunteer set up a baby's bed in an office drawer and named the boy Joseph.

In the summer of 1980, mother, daughter, and infant son arrived in Seattle, staying with Hoang Lien's sister, who years ago had married an American. Hoang Lien decided that she and her daughter should use new names in this new country. Because Hoang is the Vietnamese word for rose, Hoang Lien became Rosette Le. Le Ngan Ha became Kathy Le.



W

hile Kathy Le learned English in Seattle, Ngoc Phuc grew amid the red dirt and pine forests of Pleiku.

The family had returned to the city after Le Anh's release from re-education camp. Le Ngoc Phuc and her friends wandered freely, climbing scratchy burlap sacks of rice piled in the shed near her house, weaving ropes made of rubber bands, and, with the help of a neighbor, staging performances of Vietnamese operas and folk dances. They made false eyelashes out of carbon paper and attached them with a mash of cooked rice.

Ngoc Phuc watched as the Hmong and other ethnic minorities from the villages and mountains near Laos came to town to be treated by her father and mother, who was also a doctor. Her parents never seemed to refuse a patient, a commitment that would later influence Ngoc Phuc's decision about her own career. The Hmong made sure Ngoc Phuc's family was well fed, bringing the first bananas or jackfruits of the season to their home as a tribute.

The family moved to Saigon – now renamed Ho Chi Minh City – in 1982. Ngoc Phuc sat up front in the truck that hauled their possessions, at night watching fireflies flutter like snow along the road ahead. Ho Chi Minh City to her was simply more opera and playacting. She became one of five girls who were so inseparable they earned the nickname *ngu long cong chua*, the five dragon princesses. At home, she cared for seven dogs and harvested fruit from trees her grandfather had planted in the yard. When she wasn't outside, she read biographies. A book about Lenin described how his parents made him learn languages by requiring him to speak different ones on different days. It was a discipline she was learning to admire.

The American War, as it now became known, was as remote to Ngoc Phuc as her own future. Her parents recognized that she would probably never be treated as well as the children of men who'd fought on the other side. Ngoc Phuc knew that people occasionally escaped from Vietnam by boat, but she had no idea why or for how long, even on the day in May 1987 when her father told her that she and her brother and sisters were going with him. Her mother stayed behind. It would be four-and-a-half years before Ngoc Phuc saw her again. When her father insisted on taking a family picture before their departure, Ngoc Phuc did not realize he did so because he was afraid they might die during their escape. The trip that day was meant to resemble an innocent countryside outing, but in fact Ngoc Phuc's mother remained in Ho Chi Minh City partly so that if her husband and four children were caught, she could



Phuc Le in 1988 tending gourds outside her family's hut at the Bataán refugee camp in the Philippines. Opposite, *The Price of Freedom*, which Phuc drew as a high school sophomore, hung for a year in the Capitol in Washington, D.C.



A bicyclist along
the route to the
Perfume Pagoda.

protect the house from seizure and try to free them from prison.

They left the coast of Vietnam on a moonless night in late May. The boat was smaller than the one Kathy Le had escaped in seven years before. Only forty-nine people were on it, but there was trouble over the drinking water, which ran out after a few days. A storm came up almost immediately. Ngoc Phuc was seasick for three days. Water was so precious that when Ngoc Phuc vomited in her cup of water, her father made her drink it anyway. The refugees were forced to crowd together; the woman beside Ngoc Phuc rested her head on her stomach. The woman's baby cried incessantly. When Ngoc Phuc heard a moaning sound rise from the sea that night, she believed it came from the spirits of people who had tried to escape and failed; only later did she realize these were the calls of whales.

When the water ran out, Ngoc Phuc's father rigged a small sheet of plastic over a metal can in which he boiled sea water. He collected the condensation and, ever the doctor, distributed exactly twenty cubic centimeters a day to everyone — just enough

water to keep them alive. On the sixth night at sea, the metal can burned through.

Fortunately, the next day they were rescued by fishermen from the Philippines, and in early June of 1987, Ngoc Phuc and her family arrived at the First Asylum Center in Palawan, the Philippines. At Palawan 3,000 refugees, most of them Vietnamese, waited for their fates to be decided. Ngoc Phuc's family was placed with two others in a straw-roofed hut. Their portion, reachable only by bamboo ladder, was just large enough for the five of them to lie down side by side.

During the six months at Palawan, Ngoc Phuc learned English at the camp school. As an ex-Army officer, her father was eligible for asylum in the United States, and when his application was approved, he and his family were moved to a much larger camp in Bataan, the Philippines.

In Bataan, they waited another seven months. Ngoc Phuc and her family had their own hut, a tiny structure with a tin roof. Although it was infested with rats and not much larger than a dorm room, it seemed grand. Ngoc Phuc went off to school each



IAN BOUCHER

day, checking her hair in a little round mirror on which was inscribed the word SMILE. Later she read a book camp officials distributed to prepare the refugees for life in the United States. She stared at the black-and-white photographs of the insides of American houses, longing for that kind of comfort and security. The people in the pictures wore bright shirts and bell-bottomed pants. Ngoc Phuc learned that Americans do not squat, as she was accustomed to doing when socializing on the street. She read that

people. Rosette then moved her family three miles away to a three-bedroom townhouse, which they shared with her mother, two sisters, and four brothers. Three bedrooms, ten people.

Recent Vietnamese refugees have had more difficulty. Le Anh and his wife, who joined her family in the United States in 1991, have been unable to practice medicine. At first Le Anh worked for a cleaning company. Then for two years he mowed lawns. In 1991, having moved his family to Chula Vista, near

The hope of refugee families rests squarely on their children, one of many pressures Kathy and Phuc must face.

Americans shop for food only once a week and do not go out to street markets to buy fresh greens and meat every day. She learned that meat is stored in freezers, that meat placed there does not spoil. She saw that Americans clean their houses with suction devices known as vacuum cleaners, and she read detailed instructions on how to install tire chains in a snow storm. In October, she learned how to trick-or-treat. She led her costumed class around the refugee camp dressed as a princess while a classmate held an umbrella over her head.

At the end of June 1988, Ngoc Phuc, her father, two sisters, and brother boarded a plane for Los Angeles. Ngoc Phuc bought herself a pair of pink sneakers for the trip. The plane was a 747. Ngoc Phuc's father asked neighboring passengers to photograph his family in their seats. He and his children snapped pictures of the trays of food set before them. They were met by a relative at the Los Angeles airport who drove them through Little Saigon on the way to their temporary home in Santa Ana. Ngoc Phuc stared out the window at southern California. Oranges ripened in trees along a median strip. Ngoc Phuc stared at the big shiny cars. She stared at the white faces inside them.

Many waves of refugees have fled Vietnam since 1975, and more than one million have settled in the United States. Some have worked hard and achieved modest success. Rosette Le, for example, eventually found employment as a social worker. After moving from Seattle to California's San Fernando Valley, she and her two children rented a one-bedroom apartment with her mother, two sisters, five brothers, one sister-in-law, and two nieces. One bedroom, fourteen

San Diego, he got a job in a doctor's office, taking down patient histories. At night and early in the morning he worked on his English, sometimes calling 800 numbers for the conversational practice. When he wasn't working on his English, he studied for various medical exams he would need to pass before becoming a doctor again. "I've lived here for six or seven years," he says, "but have no time to visit things." Although he has passed all the required exams, he has been rejected for admission by almost 150 medical residency programs. Now he waits for something to give. His wife has even less hope of resuming her medical practice and spends her days attending English classes and maintaining their small, sparsely furnished apartment. "It's too late for me," she says.

The hopes of such families rest squarely on their children, a fact that has not been lost on Kathy and Phuc (as she is now called). Outwardly at least, Kathy Le is a typical product of southern California. The accent in her rapid-fire English is more valley girl than Vietnamese. School was advanced-placement classes and top grades. Short and dark-haired, during the 1988 Presidential election she was Michael Dukakis in her school's mock debate. She gravitated toward nineteenth-century English novels and current events. By the time she got to college she had read *Emma* eight times. Her devotion to Jane Austen, she says, is based on her belief that *Emma* captures better than any novel she has ever read what life is like for a Vietnamese-American girl trying to rise above a society defined by rigid familial relationships, a society where money and inheritance remain central.

Phuc Le has been one of Kathy's suitemates for the last two years. In many ways, they are a study in contrasts. Phuc is as romantic as Kathy is pragmatic. Kathy is short, Phuc tall; Kathy wears her hair short; Phuc prefers hers long. Kathy is most at home on pavement in a big city; Phuc dreams of a house with

gardens and birds. Kathy has no memory of living in Vietnam; Phuc writes ten-page letters to her friends in Ho Chi Minh City.

Most important, because Phuc was thirteen when she arrived in the United States, she remains Vietnamese at heart. While Kathy was standing in for Dukakis, Phuc was still not sure what an election was all about. The first time her boyfriend drove with her in snow at Brown, she kept wondering when he was going to stop and put on his tire chains.

In school, Phuc was drawn to both science and art. During her sophomore year in high school, a drawing based on her refugee experience, called *The Price of Freedom*, was selected to hang for a year in the Capitol in Washington, D.C. But to Phuc drawing

research professor at the Watson Institute for International Studies who had traveled to Vietnam with him a few months before. After publishing *In Retrospect* in 1995, McNamara had immediately been plunged into controversy for admitting in the book that he and other senior members of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations had been "wrong, terribly wrong" in their dogged pursuit of the war. When he arrived in Providence, though, McNamara chose to speak about the war only with a small lunchtime gathering at the Watson Institute. In his evening public lecture at the Salomon Center, he addressed another issue close to his heart: nuclear disarmament.

Over the next few weeks Phuc and Kathy requested a meeting with Blight. How, Kathy wanted to know, could McNamara have the nerve to come to campus and not talk about Vietnam? How could he escape discussing a subject that, for Vietnamese-American

For Kathy and Phuc, Hanoi was loaded with a personal significance their colleagues could only guess at.

remains largely an avocation, a deeply personal form of self-expression. As a career, science made more sense, particularly if it allowed a shy high-school student still embarrassed about her English to spend long hours in a laboratory. Encouraged by her teachers, Phuc began experiments in molecular biology. She thought of her cultured cells as babies needing her constant attention. She competed in regional and national science fairs. In her junior year, she won a national fair and took second in an international competition. Her exhibit was based on her documentation of genetic changes induced by certain pesticides; her findings were important enough to be published in a peer-reviewed journal. During her senior year, her photograph appeared on the front page of *USA Today* as a member of the 1993 All-USA high school academic team. That September she entered Brown as a PMLE student. Like her parents, she has chosen to be a doctor.

When the dust cleared at the end of the Vietnam War in April, 1975, millions of Vietnamese found themselves citizens of a country that no longer existed. That has been the central fact of their lives ever since, and it is the event that has shaped Kathy and Phuc more than any other. At Brown, it's what sets them apart.

No wonder, then, that they took a particular interest in the visit to campus in February 1996 by former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. McNamara was invited to speak by James Blight, a

can students, was more than a question of misguided foreign policy?

Until that call from Kathy and Phuc, Vietnam had largely been a concern of non-Asian Americans at Brown. But here Blight sensed a new voice, a fresh perspective sitting in his office. How did Vietnam appear through the eyes of two young women born in Vietnam as the daughters of South Vietnamese military men, two women old enough to have been refugees of that war yet young enough to have no memory of it? Blight explained his project. Called "Missed Opportunities," it is the latest application of critical oral history, a research method Blight originated several years ago when he worked with McNamara and Joseph Nye, of Harvard's Kennedy School, on an examination of the Cuban missile crisis. Critical oral history combines the richness of conventional oral history with the rigor of academic scholarship. After two years of preparation, Missed Opportunities will culminate next month when McNamara, several other officials from the Kennedy and Johnson White Houses, and two retired U.S. generals meet in Hanoi with their counterparts from the North Vietnamese government during the war. For three days, the former enemies will address a series of questions negotiated in advance, all of them aimed at asking: at what points did the United States and Vietnam miss a chance to end the war honorably and so avoid some, if not most, of the killing? Also in the room in Hanoi will be the preeminent historians of the war on both sides, as well as fresh documents unearthed from government archives around the world. The scholars and documents comprise the



A woman sells fresh fish on the streets of Hanoi. Below, Kathy and Phuc barter with a shopkeeper over the price of wooden frogs.



"critical" in critical oral history; they help keep the decision-makers honest.

After talking this over with Kathy and Phuc, Blight asked them if they would be interested in joining his project as research assistants. It would be a lot of work, he said, but they would probably get to travel to Vietnam.

For Kathy Le, an English and international relations concentrator, accepting the offer was a smart

career move. And for Phuc the chance to visit Vietnam was irresistible. Less apparent to both women was how unsettling a trip to their homeland would be.

January 6, 1997, the day Phuc and Kathy returned to Vietnam, was gray and misty in the countryside near Hanoi. Also in the van taking Phuc and Kathy downtown from the airport were James Blight, his wife and project co-leader Janet Lang, Watson Institute Director Thomas Biersteker, television documentary producer Sherry Jones,

Robert Brigham, a historian from Vassar, and I. Over the next few days, the group was scheduled to discuss documents with their Vietnamese counterparts at the Institute for International Relations.

From their seats inside the van, Phuc and Kathy could see a countryside suspended between a timeless past and an unrealized future. The road was alive with darting and weaving motor scooters, their high-pitched horns beeping like a chorus of frogs on amphetamines. Rolling out from either side of the road was a delicate sea of green rice paddies, interrupted occasionally by islands of corn. People tended rice as they always have: in straw hats and bare feet, behind oxen and water buffaloes, scooping canal water into paddies with wooden tools. Above them, billboards sketched out tomorrow's economy: tourist hotels, San Miguel beer, Hewlett Packard electronics.

For Kathy and Phuc, the scenery was loaded with personal significance. "I don't know what to feel," Kathy muttered. "I don't know what to feel." Influenced by her family's culture and language, Kathy had always been aware that she was Vietnamese. Yet until a few moments ago, Vietnam had been a phantom country, filtered mostly through the memory of her elders. Vietnam was her family's homeland. Indeed, her mother had arranged for Kathy's father to travel to Hanoi from his home in Ho Chi Minh City so he could meet the daughter he'd not seen since she was four. The prospect of this meeting and

Kathy and Phuc were already living a future more complex than their parents could imagine.

the family expectations contained in it filled Kathy with nervous apprehension.

For Phuc, the crops growing beyond the road revived memories that had begun to fade during her years in the United States. The sight of it seemed to set her at ease. Poised on the verge of becoming an adult, she looked out the window and glimpsed the landscape of childhood.

Over the next several days, the women dutifully translated conversations between the Americans from Brown and the Vietnamese from the Institute for International Relations. Simultaneous translating is difficult under the best of circumstances, but at the Institute Kathy and Phuc had to contend with an antiquated sound system, a puzzled debate between the Americans and the Vietnamese over what is meant by the word "document," and a cascade of baseball metaphors from Blight, a former pitcher in the Detroit Tigers farm system. Kathy and Phuc scrambled to keep up, taking turns at translating, and consulting each other over difficult turns of phrases. On days off they abandoned the Metropole Hotel by the Lake of the Restored Sword and wandered the streets of Hanoi. "It's good to see people squat again," Phuc said. Everywhere along the wide sidewalks, people parked their bicycles and sold bananas, limes,

oranges, flowers, freshly slaughtered meat, scallions, mangoes, cassavas, cabbages, and assorted greens. Old women fanned charcoal in metal cans, roasting cobs of corn. Young men stopped Kathy, Phuc, and their Western colleagues to sell them postcards, and children followed them, begging for money.

Together they browsed the street stalls and haggled with shop owners over the price of wooden frogs and

carved buddhas. The street stalls had an order that was as odd as it was disciplined. One street featured nothing but gas-powered compressors; another offered only television sets, or washing machines, or squash rackets, or boxer shorts, or wristwatches. One stall sold Christian and Buddhist statues alongside posters of Ho Chi Minh.

One day, Phuc went off with a small group to the Perfume Pagoda, a mountainside shrine two hours north of Hanoi. The bus bounced along rutted dirt

roads through villages and hamlets where people sat drinking tea and eating with chopsticks while dogs cleaned up the scraps at their feet. Then the bus left Phuc and her fellow tourists by the side of a wide and shallow river, where they climbed aboard flat-bottomed boats that were little more than iron pans the size of a canoe. Using paddles made of bamboo and boards, a man from the local village paddled Phuc past rice paddies that abruptly gave way to steep, wooded mountains shaped like the scales on a dragon's back. Fog drifted around the mountain flanks. Men fished standing from small boats loaded with car batteries. The fishermen lowered wire baskets attached to bamboo poles; the current in the basket stunned every fish it touched, allowing the fisherman to scoop it up.

After an hour in the boats, the tourists from Hanoi stepped ashore at the base of a mountain. From here a trail took them up over a saddle, past a number of smaller pagodas, then down to the Perfume Pagoda itself. For Phuc, the trip was a further return to paradise. Though the United States had brought her freedom and opportunity, getting there had meant a journey of heartbreaking misery. Her life in the United States, though happy, was also tainted with pressure and worry. Her family depended on her to excel at an Ivy League school, and she worried over her parents' constricted circumstances. Along the way to the Perfume Pagoda, she picked flowers and saved the bark from trees, as though wanting to take back to the United States the scents and colors that had been her girlhood here. At the Perfume Pagoda itself, a huge cave whose natural formations through the centuries have taken on mystical significance, Phuc bought sticks of incense and offered them to the spirits of good fortune and happiness.

Kathy's happiness as she shopped in the streets of Hanoi served as an antidote to her anxiety about meeting her father. Relatives had told her that she looks more like him than her mother, that in many ways she is her father's child.

Finally, the time arrived. Kathy asked Blight and Lang to stay with her for support. She did not want her father's attention to be focused entirely on her until she'd gotten her bearings. At six o'clock during Kathy's second evening in Hanoi, she walked into the Metropole lobby and approached a painfully thin man in a navy blue windbreaker. His black hair shiny and swept back, he held a bunch of red roses and





Above, old and new meet on the streets of Hanoi. Opposite, Phuc and Kathy pose with Le Thanh Son, Kathy's father, outside the Metropole Hotel.

baby's breath in one hand, a Gap bag of fruits in the other. As his daughter approached, he smiled broadly, and awkwardly handed the flowers to her. She glanced quickly back at Blight and Lang, then took the final step, embracing him. She burst into tears.

Kathy spent most of the next day with her father, shopping, visiting his friends in Hanoi. That evening she admitted it had been an awkward time. What could she say to him? She understood that the meeting gave her mother a sense of completion, of closing a familial circle she had helped breach seventeen years before. But the gulf between Kathy and her father had seemed unbridgeable today. One day in the future, perhaps, things would be different, but for now he remained a stranger. For now her native country and her adopted one could not quite be reconciled.

For Phuc, returning to Vietnam had complicated her already labored effort toward assimilation. Her outer self had been an unambiguous success in the United States: an outstanding high school student, a talented artist, a gifted scientist, a college student so hardworking she sleeps only a few hours each night. But beneath the surface was a private self still haunted by tropical smells and soul mates left behind. The week in Hanoi had made the space between these two selves ache ever more sharply. Phuc doubted that life in the United States, for all its riches, could ever make that ache disappear.

When the week in Vietnam ended, Phuc and Kathy returned to the United States with bags overflowing with souvenirs. There would be photographs to show, trinkets to give out. Soon they would be back in the pressure-cooker of Brown academics. This was the success their parents had wished for them, yet Kathy and Phuc already were living a future more complex than their parents had imagined, and it was in some ways a lonely place. In them, a piece of American ethnic culture was coming of age. Their success was not only personal. They were bridging worlds, helping two nations overcome memories of a war that had cost the United States 58,000 lives and the Vietnamese more than 3 million. They moved easily between these worlds, yet did not feel completely at ease in either.

Phuc Le's father might have sensed this mysterious future when, for a California English class a few years ago, he wrote:

*A seed shimmers softly under the grass,
Dreaming of a lovely rose, time passes
It will become one day; waiting. . . .
Sunset, sunset. . . the night comes, coming.
No time is ever lost in waiting,
And nothing is ever gained without waiting.*

The long waiting was over. The rose had bloomed. ☞



Purple Coneflower, *Echinacea purpurea*

Return of the Natives

*Native flowers are beautiful, genetically
correct, and perfectly adapted
to their environment.*

Well, they're beautiful anyway.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FORASTÉ

TEXT BY NORMAN BOUCHER



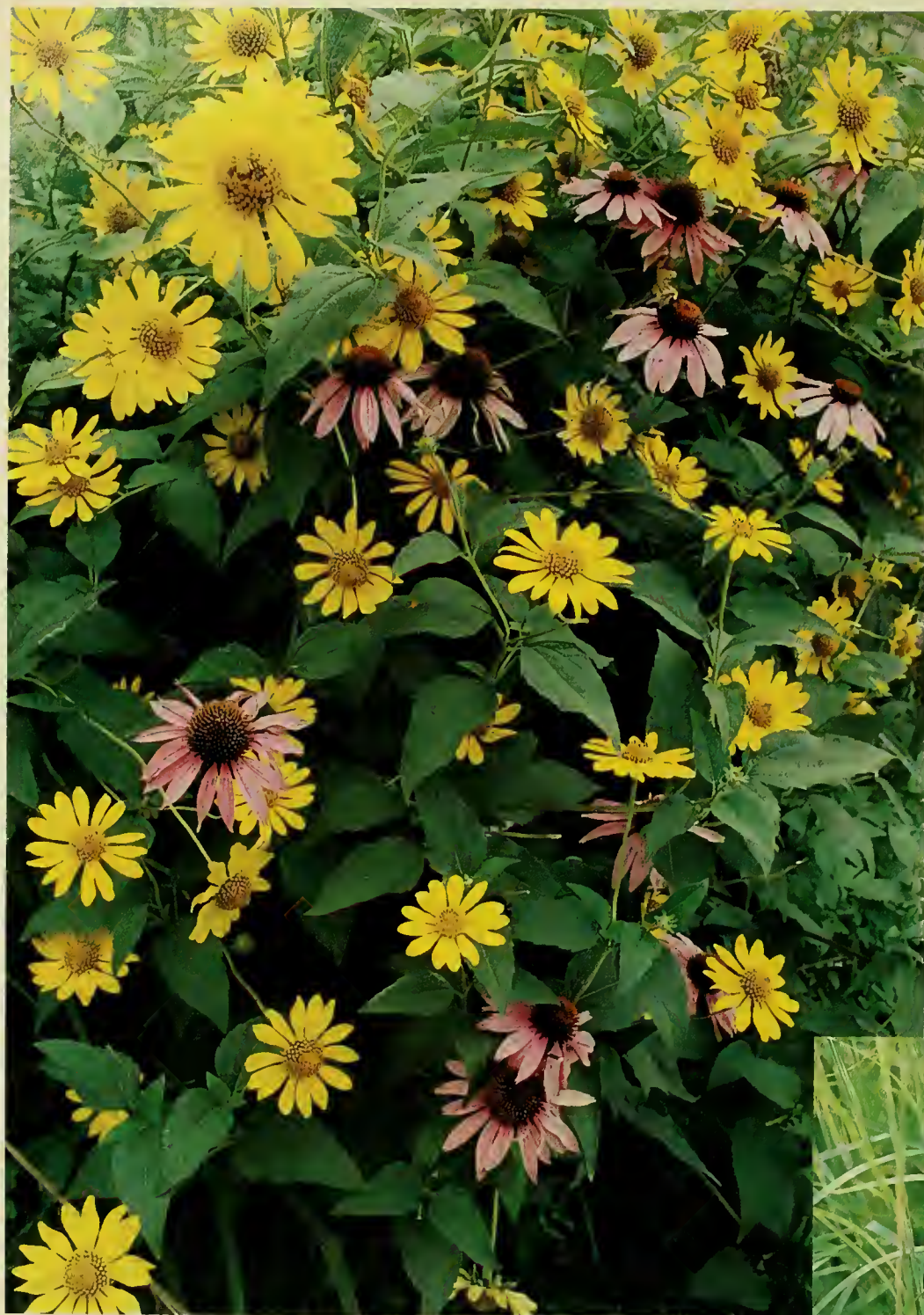
Black-eyed Susan, *Rudbeckia hirta*

Among botanists and gardeners, a controversy has been brewing in recent years about the value of native plants. These are species that have evolved in North America, as opposed to those transported here by Europeans or, more recently, imported by Americans. Proponents of planting native species argue that the genetic information these plants contain is uniquely matched to this continent's physical characteristics. To replace them with species that are not native is to give up some of this treasured code. Eventually, according to this argument, enough could be lost to compromise our botanical heritage. To nativists, this is like allowing EuroDisney into the Grand Canyon.

The contrary argument is that the emphasis on native species is romantic hogwash. Hundreds of years ago the evolution of North America took a dramatic turn when Europeans arrived, bringing with them all kinds of seeds and plants that have since gone wild. Is a new plant introduced to North America by a bird that ate its fruit in Cuba and dropped its seed in Florida more native than one introduced by a European biped? According to this more skeptical viewpoint, introduced species can actually add to a continent's biodiversity by bringing in fresh genetic stock. A nature that excludes culture, or so the argument goes, is a sterile and arbitrary place.

To examine the trees and flowers around the Brown campus is to sense ambivalence on this issue. There are plenty of nonnative perennials and trees, but among the prettiest plantings on campus are two clusters of flowers near the University greenhouse on Waterman Street. For most of the year, these clumps of grassy vegetation look unremarkable, but in high summer, as the photographs on these pages reveal, they burst into color. The brainchild of Matthew Hamilton '96 Ph.D., now a postdoctoral fellow at the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C., and Fred Jackson, who manages the greenhouse, the flowers are examples of native North American tall-grass and short-grass prairie plants.

The plantings, however, also demonstrate the irony that can sometimes mark this debate. Although these prairie species are native to North America, they're not naturally found in New England. They can't survive at Brown without human assistance. ☞



Ox-eye Sunflower, *Heliopsis helianthoides*, and Purple Coneflower



Prairie Blazingstar, *Liatris pycnostachya*, with
Little Bluestem grasses, *Andropogon scoparius*



Rattlesnake Master, *Eryngium yuccifolium*

Healing Words

Can literature help future doctors get inside their patients' heads? Professor Lynn Epstein is betting on it.

Deep inside stony Wilson Hall on the Green, Lynn Epstein, associate dean of medicine, tells her students to drag their wide-armed chairs into a circle. In this class, intimacy counts. In fact, it's the point.

The thirty-five undergraduates have their textbooks ready, but the thick volumes are hardly standard premedical fare. These are Bibles – ponderous, gilt-edged tomes; compact pocket editions; even excerpts downloaded from the Internet. Today's assignment is the *Book of Job*.

Job may seem a far cry from *Gray's Anatomy*, but including it in her course makes perfect sense to Epstein. After all, she explains, "Job was the quintessential patient." A humble servant of God suddenly beset by afflictions he doesn't deserve, Job reacts as any patient might: he agonizes, "Why me?"

Welcome to "Doctor as Subject, Doctor as Author," Epstein's course designed to show premedical students that understanding patients' concerns and fears is as

important as treating diseases. Convinced that literature can nurture humility and compassion in future physicians, Epstein takes her charges on a semester-long journey – from scripture through centuries of classics, including Molière, Shaw, Tolstoy, and Faulkner. Before they ever treat a patient, pre-med

students will have read compelling tales of doctors good and evil, of wrenching choices made by physician and patient, of medical accomplishment and failure, sensitivity and arrogance.

Started by Epstein in collaboration with the late Harriet W. Sheridan, professor of English and for eight years dean of the College, Epstein's six-year-old course is an elective. Many, but not all, of the enrollees are bound for Brown's medical school. After particularly lively classroom discussions, says Epstein, she has heard her students "making vows of what they will and will not do as doctors." Will they honor those vows later? There's no way of knowing, she notes. But "somewhere, you have to plant the seeds."

Literature does provide a valuable experience for physicians, agrees Stanley Aronson, dean emeritus of Brown's medical school and editor of *Rhode Island Medicine*. "More often than not," notes Aronson, a doctor for more than half a century, "the physician faces failure. Ultimately, all your patients die." Literature, he says, is important to a doctor in two ways: "It's a humbling experience to read and a strengthening experience to write."

For Jason Rogart '97, a biology major who anticipates entering the medical school in the fall, finding Job on his assignment list was something of a surprise. He had never read the story. Now, he says, he has a deeper understanding of "the theme of suffering and having to face death."

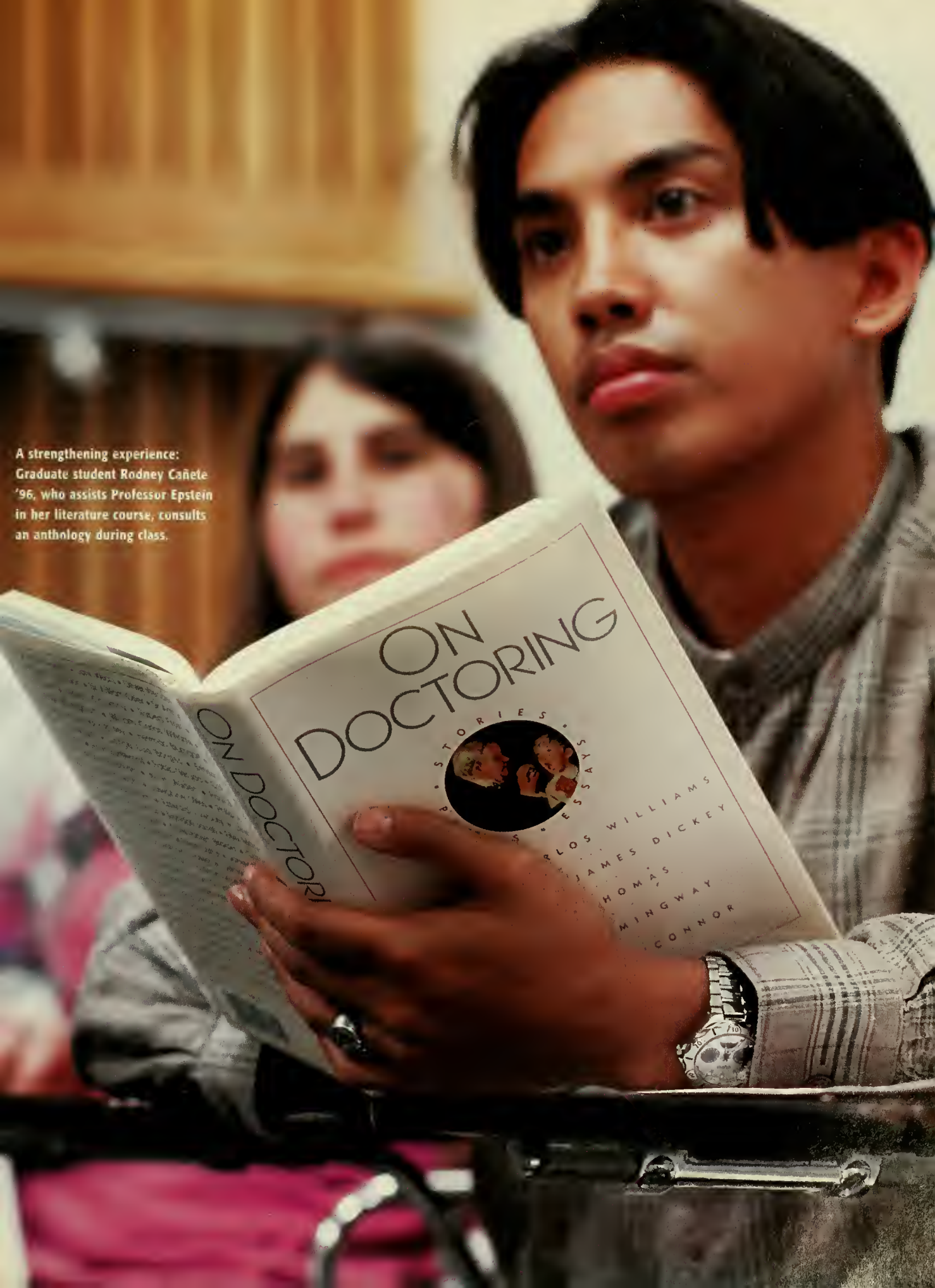
"It's ingrained in us that doctors don't have a good bedside manner. Creative writing can bring out the human side of being a doctor," Rogart says as he waits for class to begin. "In theory, this class should make a huge difference."

"Medicine can't just be science," observes fellow senior Leslie van Shaack during a cookie break midway through the two-hour class. "Your patient isn't a scientist."



Epstein: Planting seeds of compassion.

A strengthening experience:
Graduate student Rodney Cañete
'96, who assists Professor Epstein
in her literature course, consults
an anthology during class.





Seniors Brinda Singh and Hyun Jin Kim and juniors Katherine Jou and Adrian Gardner ponder Epstein's challenge: As doctors, will you hear the patient's story?

two taught together that first year until Sheridan was hospitalized. Ever since, Epstein has taught the class solo.

Do such courses succeed in injecting more empathy into doctor-patient relationships? According to a 1995 article in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, literature does indeed improve student understanding of patient experiences and enhances the ability to resolve ethical problems. Although

Last month the School of Medicine and the Rhode Island Committee for the Humanities held a three-day symposium entitled "Literature and Medicine for the Twenty-First Century: Read Two Chapters and Call Me in the Morning." The symposium's objectives were similar to those of Epstein's class – in her words, to help doctors, nurses, and family caregivers understand a patient's experience, using literature.

"Doctors and patients are often unable to understand one another," says Epstein, who organized the conference. "Being sick seems to put patients on one side of a yawning divide, separated from healthy people and from those who should be able to help them. Perhaps because of their training and their desire for objectivity and distance, doctors too often seem not to comprehend the daily losses and indignities caused by illness. Tragically, health care can degenerate into patients who feel unheard and doctors who feel nothing."

Harriet W. Sheridan, for whom an annual lecture at Brown on literature and medicine is named, knew what it was to be a patient. She died of ovarian cancer in 1992, but not before learning that doctors could be distressingly cold and distant. "Harriet had a strong conviction that doctors shouldn't have to be sick themselves to know what it's like," says Epstein.

Sheridan asked Epstein, who was trained as a child psychiatrist, to help her teach a course on literature in medicine. The thought of presiding over an English class was daunting, but Epstein agreed, and the

their precise contribution to the practice of medicine may defy measurement, the article concludes, such classes encourage future physicians "to recognize the human dimensions of all the experiences that occur within their gaze."

One of the article's co-authors, internist Rita Charon, an associate professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, says that literature has transformed her practice. Despite her busy schedule, she has enrolled in Columbia's graduate program in English and is writing a dissertation on the use of literary techniques to help doctors understand their work.

Charon, a Providence native who spoke at the Brown symposium last month, says courses such as Epstein's were unheard of until a few decades ago. Now they are represented to some degree at many medical schools. "People tell me all the time what tragic things happen when, for instance, the oncologist is cold," Charon says. "It's a great sadness." Her love of literature has helped her be more attentive when patients tell their stories. When she writes down these accounts, using literary skills gleaned from a lifetime of reading, "the most remarkable things will happen," she says. "I listen to history and symptoms and fears. It gives me an investment in how that person does, other than a purely technical one." In one case, she says, a patient read Charon's notes of their conversation and realized something crucial was missing: the woman had never told the doctor she had been sexually abused as a child.

Bx Books

The following are some of the readings required in Lynn Epstein's course on literature and medicine.

Book of Job Old Testament
The Death of Ivan Ilyich Leo Tolstoy
Illness as Metaphor Susan Sontag
Darkness Visible William Styron
Cancer Ward Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
Ward No. 6 and Other Stories Anton Chekhov
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde R.L. Stevenson
The Wild Palms William Faulkner
In All This Rain: Poems John Stone
The Doctor Stories William Carlos Williams
The Doctor in Spite of Himself Molière
The Doctor's Dilemma G. B. Shaw
An Anthropologist on Mars Oliver Sacks
The Good Doctor Susan Mates
Taking the World in for Repairs Richard Selzer
On Doctoring R. Reynolds, J. Stone
The Yellow Wallpaper Charlotte Gilman
Frankenstein Mary Shelley

Fiction can be more powerful than fact, as a Brown audience was told in 1994 by Ann Hudson Jones, professor of literature and medicine at the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston and a founding editor of *Literature and Medicine*. In her talk she cited Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward*, which she had used in a class for fourth-year medical students to illuminate both the experience of having cancer and the experience of treating it. When the course was over, one of Jones's students said, "Every student should be required to read this book before graduating from medical school."

Academic exercises aimed at strengthening physicians' empathy for patients were unheard of during his medical-school days nearly fifty years ago. Richard Selzer, a surgeon and one of the country's best-known physician-writers, told the April conference audience. Selzer, who was on Yale's medical faculty until 1986, retired from medicine at age fifty-seven to craft essays and fiction with powerful medical themes and metaphors.

"It would have been considered laughable for any

of us to express an interest in literature or the arts," Selzer says of his medical training. "No one had an interest in the human side of medicine — it would have been considered declassé." In recent years, that attitude has changed. "You can talk about technological advances, but the real advance has been in the widening of the social conscience of physicians and nurses," Selzer says. "In the old days, the doctor was God." Now he sees a growing consensus that health-care providers are "the servant, not the master — and that's the way it should be."

Associate Professor of Literature and Medical Education Suzanne Poirier of the University of Illinois, who edits *Literature and Medicine*, says she requires medical students to write from the perspectives of the doctor and of the patient. Not surprisingly, they find the doctor's viewpoint easier to capture. The exercise "forces them to think about things as a patient does." This is critical, she says, because "in the stress of learning the incredible amount [medical students] have to learn, the human part gets lost."

Back in Wilson Hall, Lynn Epstein's students are wrestling with the agonies that bedeviled Job. Someday many of them will wear doctor's whites, but today, dressed in blue jeans, sweat-shirts, and sneakers, they seize on the idea that from Biblical times onward, some people have viewed illness as God's punishment for wickedness. As they know, that's exactly what happens to AIDS victims — and suddenly, ancient scripture sounds a contemporary theme.

A major point of her course, says Epstein, is to help turn out doctors who realize that they are not practicing an exact science. They should never "think too much of themselves and their tools. The last word in science today may be preposterous five years from now," she says. "It's necessary for doctors to approach scientific knowledge with humility."

A good doctor, she believes, won't make the mistake of limiting her inquiries to a patient's physical symptoms. "The disease is the process," she says, "but the *illness* is the experience the person has in connection with it. Will you hear the patient's story," she asks her students, "or will you hear only the story of the disease?"

Literature's challenge for doctors, concludes Epstein, is to demand of them: "Will you listen?"

Gerald Goldstein is South County editor of the Providence Journal. He wrote about journalist and ALS patient Brian Dickinson '76 A.M. in the March 1996 BAM.



New World Winemaker

*For centuries, making the finest wine
has been alchemy to everyone but the French.
Not anymore.*

Dressed in faded jeans and muddy field boots, Ted Lemon stands out in the posh Pinot Blanc restaurant in St. Helena, California. He appears more relaxed than many of the other diners — tie-wearing urbanites who descend on Napa Valley to sniff knowingly at glasses of cabernet over a late lunch. A friend stops by with a half-finished bottle of La Cagoule pinot noir. “Nice color,” Lemon says, pouring himself a glass. He holds it up to eye level, spins the glass delicately by its stem, and waves it slowly in front of his lips: “A good nose.” He takes a small sip and sits back in his chair. “It has good fruit, rather jammy,” he pronounces, “well-balanced tannins; sweet, but not too saccharine. A good piece of work.”

A winemaker is part farmer, part scientist, part aesthete, and part marketing whiz. Lemon, however, is more than the sum of his parts. In 1982, he became the first American winemaker and vineyard manager in France’s renowned Burgundy region. Since then, his finely honed palate and fifteen years of experience in Europe and the United States have made him a hot property. Today, when he isn’t working on wines for his own label, Littorai, Lemon leases his time to six of the most prestigious wineries on the West Coast. He possesses the one characteristic that’s like gold to vintners: reliable tastebuds. “Ted has a truly consistent palate,” says Gary Andrus, owner and chief winemaker of the Pine Ridge winery in Napa Valley. “He is specific and he has a good memory. He can tell you exactly how a wine tasted the week before.”

A native of Bedford, New York, Lemon traces his interest in fine wines to a high school year abroad in Burgundy, France. During his junior year at Brown, where he studied French literature, Lemon returned to France and took a wine-appreciation class with the director

of Burgundy’s tourism office. The man was so impressed with the twenty-year-old that he told Lemon to give him a call if he ever wanted to go into winemaking. Lemon was flattered but unconvinced. “A kid from Westchester County going into the wine business? I don’t think so.”

After graduation, armed with financial support from one of Brown’s Samuel T. Arnold Fellowships, Lemon changed his mind. He went back to France to study viticulture and oenology full-time. He apprenticed in several Burgundy vineyards, then returned to the United States when his funds ran out. “I assumed that was the end of my career in winemaking,” he says.

So in 1982, no one was more surprised than Lemon when Domaine Guy Roulot, one of the oldest and most traditional wineries in France, offered to make him the first (and still the only) American winemaker and vineyard manager in Burgundy’s history. Lemon was only twenty-four years old, and he hailed from the wrong side of the ocean, but he came so highly recommended to the Roulot family that they decided the self-described “staunch traditionalist” had the right palate for the job. Two years later, Lemon was lured from the Roulots by another French family that had purchased a California vineyard on Howell Mountain, high above Napa Valley. Lemon took charge of their grapevines and oversaw construction of the winemaking facilities. Within five years, Chateau Woltner’s chardonnays were at the top of every U.S. wine connoisseur’s list.

With his reputation and pedigree firmly established, Lemon decided it was time to make his own wine. He and his wife, Heidi, founded Littorai and spent a

summer driving up and down the coasts of California, Oregon, and Washington to taste local wines and talk to grape

growers about the soil and history of their vineyards. Lemon now contracts with these farmers to grow the pinot noir and chardonnay grapes he uses to make his wines. At harvest time, the growers ship grapes to the Pecota winery in Calistoga, where Lemon goes to work on them with his custom-designed crushing and fermenting equipment. Eventually, he says, he hopes to have control of Littorai wines from vine to bottle.

Meanwhile, since Lemon is not yet wealthy enough to buy good acreage outright, he lends his taste buds to wineries such as Napa’s Clos Pegase, which was built as a showcase. “It’s full of beautiful and interesting pieces of art,” Lemon explains, “and for several years in a row they made really mediocre wine.” When the owner decided he wanted to be known for the quality of his wine instead of the building in which it was made, he brought in Lemon.

“Wine is a luxury product,” Lemon admits. “You have to understand that and know how to present it to people. But there are people out there selling wine on nothing but hype and marketing.” How does Lemon tell the difference between good wine and good hype? “My vision may be somewhat naïve because I spent my formative years in a very traditional region in France,” he says. But the wine business has changed. “Now the stakes are so huge, you see people making wine to fit a certain profile instead of something they believe in,” Lemon says. “Where is the line between commercialism — in the best or worst American sense — and the artisanal goal of making fine wines? I don’t know, but anything we can do to get Americans off of Coca Cola and Budweiser is tremendously positive.”

BY CHAD GALTS / PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE KARNOV '82

Ah, Spring!



No more classes, no more books. With the end in sight, these students of a decade or so ago bolted for the Green. Above: African dancing al fresco. Left: a juggling session under the blossoming elms.

THE CLASSES

EDITED BY CHAD GALTS



BROWN ARCHIVES (2)

1940

Elizabeth Hunt Schumann, Providence, writes, "I'm enjoying life at Laurelhoad along with many alumni and former Brown staff colleagues."

1941

Dick Baumann married Helen Wrona on Jan. 18 in Depew, N.Y. They may be reached at 103 Delanere Rd., Williamsville, N.Y. 14221. — *Earl Harrington Jr.*

1943

Thomas D. Burns, founding partner and a trial lawyer with Burns & Levinson in Boston, appeared in the 1997–98 edition of *The Best Lawyers in America*. He also appeared in the 1995–96 edition. He is a fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers. Thomas and his wife, Marjorie, divide their time among homes in Boston: Duxbury, Mass.; and Stratton, Vt.

1944

Norman Nutman, after six years of retirement, has been elected acting president and CEO of Delta Dental Plan of New Jersey, a nonprofit dental-insurance provider. He and his wife, Norma, may be reached at 722 East Dr., Oradell, N.J. 07649.

1947

Clint Fuller, Amherst, Mass., was presented with an honorary doctorate and medal and was vested as an honorary faculty member of Moscow State University last September.

1949

A mini-reunion luncheon is scheduled for noon on Saturday, May 10, at the home of president

Dolores Pastore DiPrete in Narragansett, R.I. Plans for the luncheon were finalized by Dolores, **Lorraine Bliss**, **Marjorie Logan Hiles**, **Anne Day Archibald**, and **Muriel Broadbent Jones**. More information is available in the class newsletter. Our reunion chair for the big 50th in 1999 is **Glenna Robinson Mazel**, assisted by **Doris Anderson Landau**. In addition to Brown's scheduled events, the reunion weekend will include great food, good talk, fine music, and a look back at our college years, with a tour of historic sites, our old familiar haunts, and the new look of Providence. All ideas are welcome; please write Glenna at 135 Fairway Dr., Wickford R.I. 02852; or Doris at 8619 Cushman Pl., Alexandria, Va. 22308. — *Marilyn Silverman Ehrenhaus*, class secretary

1950

Class officers and board members look forward to seeing many classmates at the mini-reunion cocktail party from 5 to 7 P.M. on Friday, May 23, on the terrace of the Brown Faculty Club. We are searching for the names of our Pembroke class presidents from 1950 to 1975; please contact **Mary E. Holburn**, 40 Sachem Dr., #206, Cranston, R.I. 02920. Our Brown class presidents have been **John Scott**, **Ed Kiely**, **Ira Schreiber**, **Cy Seifert**, **John Lyons**, **Ron Wilson**, and **Phyllis Cook**, and our current president is **Lacy Herrmann**. — *Mary E. Holburn*, class secretary

1951

Be sure to send your notes for the *BAM* and the class newsletter, which **Anne Hunt Brock**, class president, promises will be out shortly. If anyone has questions about class activities and the big 50th, you may reach me at 1100 W. Taylor Run Pkwy., Alexandria, Va. 22302; (703) 370-3659; fax: (703) 838-7018; louise_forstall@time-inc.com. — *Louise Dimlich Forstall*, class secretary

John A. Chernak, Bath, Ohio, retired as chairman of Tomlinson Industries in 1995. He continues as a special adviser to Tomlinson and is active on the board of the North American Food Equipment Manufacturers Association, of which he was president in 1993.

1954

William V. Polleys III retired as group president of Texas Instruments a few years ago to consult, sail, and teach skiing, most recently at the Park City Ski School. He lives in Park

WHAT'S NEW?

Please send the latest about your job, family, travels, or other news to *The Classes*, Brown Alumni Monthly, Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; fax (401) 863-9599; e-mail BAM@brownmn.brown.edu. Deadline for September classnotes: June 15.

The Collector

Stamps aren't just postage to Robert Galkin; they're an obsession. Sixty years ago (when it still cost three cents to mail a letter in the United States) he began assembling a collection that would eventually number about 300,000 stamps. They fill 120 volumes and span 150 years of philatelic history, from 1840 to 1990. Last May, Galkin and his wife, Wini Blacher Galkin '52, both dedicated collectors of various *objets*, decided to clear some space in their home. So they donated the stamps to the John Hay Library.

"It's comparable to any serious collection," Galkin says matter-of-factly. "It's got one from each country that has ever issued a stamp." Galkin, who is now chairman of the board of NATCO Products Corporation in West Warwick, Rhode Island, began as a salesman with the company, which was founded by his father. The job meant a lot of time away from home, but Galkin turned his trips into more than just business: he bought stamps. He recalls one visit to Pasadena: concluding his business at 4:40 p.m., he made a quick scan of the yellow pages and found a stamp store nearby. He



ran over to meet the owner before the shop closed at 5:00. By the next morning, the dealer's entire stock was being shipped back to Providence.

As much as Galkin loves his stamps, he is glad to see them find a home at the Hay. He has recently begun collecting Russian enamels and decorated fans, and his wife has a large clothing collection on display in their house. "We probably ran out of room two years ago," Galkin says. "We've got a big house, which is full, but that hasn't stopped us."

Galkin has made several other gifts to the library over the years. In 1974 he donated a bound set of *Providence Journals* from 1851 to 1943, making the Hay's collection the only complete one in the state. And in 1977, in honor of his wife's twenty-fifth reunion, he gave two smaller stamp collections to the library. — *Chad Galts*



Stamp montages such as the two above by Harry R. Jagolinzer, a well-known local artist, have been a sixty-year passion for Robert Galkin. Above left: Galkin and his wife, Wini, at the John Hay Library's celebration of his philatelic gift.

City, Utah, for the winter and in Warren, R.I., or on his sloop the rest of the year. His daughter, **Catherine** '85, returned from Hong Kong last year to enter MIT, where she earned a master's degree last fall; she is debating whether to get a doctorate. William would be delighted to hear from "Brown ancients" visiting Park City. He may be reached from November to April at 1983 Picabo St., Park City 84098; (801) 649-8234; or from May to October at 9 Shore Dr., Warren, R.I. 02885; (401) 245-6794.

1957

David C. Lewis (see **Deborah L. Lewis** '85).

1958

Sally Whitcomb Keen (see **Suzanne P. Keen** '84).

Thomas L. Moses III writes that he

keeps in touch with **George Vandervoort** and **Skip Hokanson** '59 via e-mail. George and Mim recently returned from a trip to Shanghai, and Skip went marlin fishing off the coast of Panama. Tom and Judy had dinner last summer in Philadelphia with **Don** '58 and **Pat Pennal McKenzie** '59 and **Roger** and **Dorothy Williams**. Last October, Roger and Dorothy visited their daughter, **Amy** '96, as she finished her Brown studies in Rome. For anyone wanting to spend a few more hours with Brown professors Robinson, Workman, Ladd, and Fleming, Tom highly recommends *The Passion of the Western Mind* by Richard Tarnas. "It's a liberal-arts education in 450 pages and reads like a novel," he writes. Tom may be reached at tmoses@aol.com, George at georgvoort@aol.com, and Skip at bizfixer@aol.com.

1959

More than 200 classmates responded to the

questionnaire mailed for the last reunion. Responses came from twenty-eight states, the District of Columbia, and Australia, China, and Germany. The most responses came from Massachusetts, then New York and Rhode Island. The greatest-distance winner was **Pye Whitney Twaddell**, Middle Cove, New South Wales, Australia. Seventy-four percent were married, of which 25 percent were Brown couples. Ninety-four percent had children, a total of 516; most families had two or three children. **Elizabeth Zopfi Chace**, Providence, won the prize with seven children. Thirty-eight percent were also grandparents. These young grandparents had more than 200 grandchildren, with more coming. **George Posejpal**, Culver, Ind., had the most, seven grandchildren. Twenty-eight percent worked in business, and the next most common professions were education, law, and medicine. Of the eighty-three women responding, 84 percent listed a profession or work. Most of the class is involved in some kind of community service, especially religious organizations

and health programs. Half mentioned sports as a personal interest. Visual and performing arts, crafts, and travel were also favorites. One guy is still looking for a bridge game. Please send news for The Classes to me at Two Regency Plaza, Providence R.I. 02903, where I am enjoying my retirement. — *Caryl-Ann Miller, class secretary*

Eleanor Levinson Lewis (see Deborah L. Lewis '85).

Vance E. Westgate, Pawtucket, R.I., joined Johnson & Wales University, Providence, as an instructor in the John Hazen White School of Arts and Sciences in February. Previously, he taught at Bristol Community College in Fall River, Mass., and in the Pawtucket school system.

1961

William G. Shade published *Democratizing the Old Dominion: Virginia and the Second Party System, 1824-1861* (University Press of Virginia) in February. The book places the antebellum debate over slavery and states' rights in the context of early discussions by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and shows how the diversity of opinion on these issues was shaped by politics. William is a professor of history and director of American studies at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa.

1963

The Rev. **Richard Simeone** is the new rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Gloucester, Mass. In December he celebrated the 30th anniversary of his ordination. He may be reached at 18 Gloucester Ave., Gloucester 01930.

1965

Charles F. Hobson is the author of *The Great Chief Justice: John Marshall and the Rule of Law* (University Press of Kansas, 1996), a recent selection of the History Book Club. He is also the editor of *The Papers of John Marshall*, a multivolume edition being published by the University of North Carolina Press. He and his wife, Ann, live in Williamsburg, Va. Their son, John, attends Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio, and their daughter, **Elizabeth** '92, is a Peace Corps volunteer in Nepal. Charles may be reached at The Papers of John Marshall, P.O. Box 8781, Williamsburg 23187; (757) 221-2412; fax: (757) 221-1287; cfhobs@facstaff.wm.edu.

Jeffrey G. Liss has been elected vice president of the National Space Society, whose goal is to create a space-faring civilization. He writes, "In real life, I remain an attorney in private practice. My elder daughter graduated from the University of Michigan last year and has immigrated (temporarily, I hope) to California. My younger daughter is a freshman

at the University of Michigan." Jeffrey may be reached at 1364 Edgewood Ln., Winnetka, Ill. 60093; (312) 857-2000; fax: (312) 782-4033; jgljgl@aol.com.

1966

Robert K. Mohr and his wife, Pat, Washington, D.C., have experienced a change in lifestyle over the past two years with the addition of three permanent foster children, refugees from Liberia: Nellie, 7; Eliza, 9; and Naomi, 13. Robert writes, "It has been mostly a positive and rewarding experience."

1967

Judith Wolder Rosenthal '71 Ph.D. is professor of biological sciences at Kean College of New Jersey in Union, where she teaches in both English and Spanish. She has published *Teaching Science to Language Minority Students* (Multilingual Matters, 1996). Judith may be reached at jrosenth@turbo.kean.edu.

1969

R. Scott Dyer '76 M.D. divides his time between parenting his two children — Jeffrey, 13, and Gregory, 10 — and his career as a family physician working primarily with low-income, uninsured patients. He has been medical director of Fremont Community Health Services since 1982, during which time the organization has grown from one physician and two nurse-practitioners to three clinics with six physicians and five nurse-practitioners. He still enjoys playing ragtime and classical piano, backpacking in the mountains, canoe treks, cross-country skiing, and commuting to work by bicycle when the snow melts. Scott may be reached at 3841 York Ave. S., Minneapolis 55410; (612) 928-9198.

Marc W. Kohler writes, "I have been suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder and clinical depression for years. Pretty much, my life is at a standstill. I have lost everything except my faith that someday things will get better. I hope someday to return to puppetry, but for the past three years I have worked as a real-estate agent, carpet salesman, and manager of the Roger Williams Park Carousel. I will always remember and treasure the kind article that the *BAM* did about my work in 1970." Marc may be reached at 73 Moorland Ave., Cranston, R.I. 02905.

1970

John G. Gantz Jr. has joined the Swiss Re-insurance America Corp. as executive vice president and head of its new Alternative Risk Transfer Division after twelve years at American International Group. John's daughter, Jennifer, is a sophomore at the University of

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Hartford, and his son, Brian, is a junior at the Trinity Pawling School. John may be reached at 34 Laughorne Ln., Greenwich, Conn. 06831.

1971

Elie Hirschfeld, class president and a Brown trustee, New York City, married Susan Aronson on May 18, 1996. Susan, a Cornell graduate, practices emergency medicine at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City.

Robert W. Novak, Akron, Ohio, was named chair of the pathology department at Northeastern Ohio Universities College of Medicine (NEOUCOM) in January. Robert has been a NEOUCOM faculty member at Children's Hospital Medical Center of Akron since 1982 and has served on several committees at the college. He is a member of many professional organizations, including the Akron Pediatric Society, American Academy of Pediatrics, and Society for Pediatric Pathology.

1973

Robert M. Hansen, Palo Cedro, Calif., is practicing anesthesiology and pain management at Redding Medical Center and is a managing partner of the Redding Anesthesia Association. Bob and his wife, Kathryn, and their son, Bobby, 9, enjoy entertaining out-of-town guests. Bob may be reached at rhansen@mercy.org.

1974

Tom Nutman is head of the Helminth Immunology Section, Laboratory of Parasitic Diseases, at the National Institutes of Health. He supervises laboratories in India and Ecuador. His wife, Ruth Karron, is an associate professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine and Public Health. They recently moved to Chevy Chase, Md., with their two children: Sarah, 8, and Alex, 5.

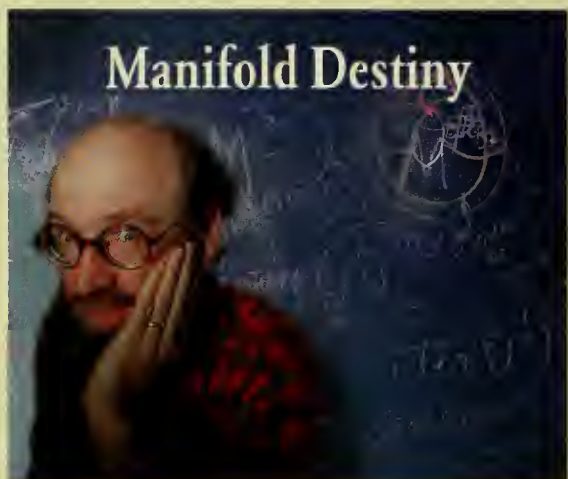
1975

John J. Bonacum III lives on the Upper West Side of Manhattan with his wife, Madeline Rivlin, and their 2-year-old twins, Cynthia and Emly. John is a partner in the law firm Morgan Lewis & Bockius, practicing in the corporate and finance areas. Friends may reach them at 400 West End Ave., Apt. 10B, New York City 10024.

Vincent Pecora and his wife, Karen McCauley, announce the birth of Olivia Rose on Sept. 25. Vincent is an English professor at UCLA. His second book, *Housholds of the Soul* (Johns Hopkins University Press), was published in March. He may be reached at pecora@humnet.ucla.edu.

Edmund A. Sargus Jr. has been serving

ROBERT MEYERHOFF '76



Boston College mathematics professor Robert Meyerhoff sparked a buzz in the math world last year with the publication of his Rigidity Theorem, which had some people speculating it might help determine the shape of the universe. I'd read the theorem: "Any closed irreducible three-manifold which is homotopy equivalent to a closed hyperbolic three-manifold is indeed a hyperbolic three-manifold." I was hoping he would have pictures.

I found Meyerhoff sitting behind his desk, peering over round brown-rimmed glasses and a bushy beard. I confessed I hadn't studied geometry since tenth grade – in 1972 – and he just flipped over an old envelope on his desk. "Remember Euclid?" he asked, giving me a quick, expert run through the postulates.

Meyerhoff specializes in a geometric form called a three-manifold, or three-dimensional manifold. To explain, he draws a circle and an arc. "That's a one-dimensional manifold," he says, pointing to the circle, "and the arc is a *piece* of a one-manifold." He draws a sphere, then a doughnut (a torus), then two doughnuts linked as if the baker had forgotten to shut off the dough machine, then chains of three and four more doughnuts. "That's the entire list of closed two-manifolds," he says.

Three-manifolds are difficult to picture "because they naturally live in four- or five- or six-dimensional space," explains Meyer-

Beyond the third dimension: Meyerhoff with some 2-D illustrations of his Rigidity Theorem.

hoff. "We're stuck in our three-dimensional universe, and no matter where we are in it things look pretty much the same. How can we tell what our universe is like if we can't look at it from the vantage point of a higher dimension?"

That search for higher ground led Meyerhoff, who studies tubes, to join forces with mathematician David Gabai of the California Institute of Technology and Nathaniel Thurston, a computer scientist then working at the Geometry Center in Minneapolis. The three set about analyzing solid tubes within three-manifolds as a way of proving the manifolds' rigidity. "We reduced the problem of studying solid tubes in hyperbolic three-manifolds to analyzing a certain six-dimensional parameter space via computer," Meyerhoff says. The result, billions of computations later, was the Rigidity Theorem, which the geometry world hailed as a major advance toward proving that many three-manifolds have natural geometric structures.

But does the Rigidity Theorem shed any light on the shape of the cosmos? I ask.

That, says Meyerhoff, "is for the cosmologists to prove." – *Charlotte Bruce Harvey '78*

This article is adapted from the winter issue of Boston College Magazine.

as the U.S. district judge for the Southern District of Ohio in Columbus since August. Previously he served as U.S. attorney for the Southern District of Ohio. Edmund is married to Jennifer Sargus, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Belmont County, Ohio. They have two children: Eddie, 11, and Christopher, 8.

Brent D. Weaver's company, Argent Investment Services, was purchased by Devonshire Technology, a subsidiary of Fidelity Investments, last May. He is now vice president of product development. Brent, his wife, **Suzanne**, and sons Aaron, 6, and Jared, 3, now live in Bellevue, Wash.

1976

John Carton and **Wendy Rowden** write: "As many of you know, our classmate **Lee Solsbery** tragically lost his wife, Cynthia, and their two children, Paul and Charles, last year. The *Paul and Charles Solsbery Endowed Scholarship Fund* was established in tribute to Lee's children, and over \$40,000 has been received toward our goal of \$100,000 to support research in early childhood development at Brown's Child Study Center. Donations may be directed to Steve Oliveira, Office of Principal Gifts, Box 1893, Providence, R.I. 02912. Lee is handling his loss with grace and strength, and he would be happy to hear from friends. His new address is 11 bis Rue Jean Nicot, 75007 Paris, France, tel. 011-331-45-50-2066, e-mail: lee.solsbery@iea.org."

1977

Arthur R. Bartolozzi III, Philadelphia, was appointed team physician for the Philadelphia Eagles football team. He is also the team physician for the Philadelphia Flyers hockey team. "When you're in town, join me for a game," he writes.

Robert W. Hummel has switched to the wireless-communications industry after sixteen years in the defense business. He is working at Pacific Communication Sciences in San Diego. Robert may be reached at 1659 Orchard Wood Rd., Encinitas, Calif. 92024.

1979

Scott Steidl has composed *The Snow*, an a cappella choral work set to three poems by Archibald MacLeish, which premiered in December at Christ Episcopal Church in New Brunswick, N.J. He is at work on an adaptation of *A Christmas Carol* for the Forum Theater in Worcester, Mass., and on a short orchestral work for the Fargo (N.D.) Morehead Symphony. In addition to composing, Scott is an assistant professor of ophthalmology and director of retina surgery at the University of Maryland School of Medicine. He specializes in retinopathy of prematurity and diabetic

retinopathy infants. He lives in Timonium, Md., with his wife, Mary, and daughter, Lauren, 2.

Donald S. Wright, West Warwick, R.I., recently began working for Fidelity Investments in Boston, selling trust accounting and asset management software to trust institutions and not-for-profit organizations. Friends may reach him at his new work number: (617) 563-9922.

1980

Jeffrey M. Dennis, cofounder, chairman, and CEO of Ashton-Royce Capital Corp., reports that in 1996 the company successfully launched its Millennium Cyber*Technologies Fund, a \$100-million venture-capital fund that finances emerging software companies. Jeff lives in Toronto with his wife, Lori, and their two children: Matthew, 9, and Allie, 6. Friends may reach Jeff at (416) 545-1010; jdennis@hookup.net.

Laurel Lenfestey married Bob Grammig on Aug. 10. Laurel is vice president, secretary, and general counsel of Poe & Brown in Tampa, Fla., and Bob is a partner in the Tampa office of the law firm Holland & Knight.

Robert Linn is a partner at Cohen & Grigsby law firm in Pittsburgh, where he specializes in corporate litigation. He and his wife, Virginia, have three children: Alexandra, 5, Abby, 3, and Adam, 1. He keeps busy with running and racquetball and has his sights on the Big Sur marathon in California this spring. Robert would love to hear from friends at valinn@aol.com.

1981

Scott Miller has relocated to Paris, where he is general manager of Tencor S.A.R.L., a U.S. supplier of semiconductor manufacturing equipment. Scott may be reached at 18 Rue de la Glacière, 75013 Paris, France; (33) 1-43-36-73-32; scott_miller@tencor.com.

Jeffrey R. Sachs was a musician and "martial-arts bum" for one year, then, in 1987, he received a Ph.D. in math at MIT, where he met his wife, Priscilla Cehelsky (Barnard '81, MIT '87 Ph.D.). Jeffrey writes, "We then circumnavigated the globe and each other—I had postdoctoral appointments at the University of Tokyo in applied physics, Clarkson University in math and computer science, Northwestern University in biomedical engineering, and the National Institute of Standards and Technology in biomedical engineering. We then decided that one of us would get a job, and the other would have babies. As luck would have it, I got a good job offer. When Michael was 3 months old, we moved from Bethesda, Md., to Sunnyvale, Calif., where I now enjoy running the Western division of D.H. Wagner Associates. The firm does mathematical finance, biotechnology, operation research, signal processing, and software development. It's like having a profes-

sional sandbox to play in. Since moving to the West, Michael turned 4, and Natalia joined us two years ago for Thanksgiving, timing completely consistent with her insatiable appetite." Jeffrey may be reached at jeff@wagner.com.

1983

Ted Bird is vice president of marketing for Sofamor Danek, the leading worldwide spinal-device company. He enjoys living in the Memphis area with his wife, Elise (Memphis State University '82), and their children, Ross, 6, and Lily, 3. Ted writes, "If there is anyone in the South who would like to start a regional bulletin board or chat line for '83ers, let me know." Ted may be reached at 2124 Hundred Oaks Cove, Germantown, Tenn. 38139; tbird@somordanek.com.

Gary Enos was named executive officer of Manis Communications Group in Providence in January and will oversee continued development of three weeklies and four monthlies and the launch of several new publications. Gary has been with the company since 1994 and previously held positions with Crain Communications.

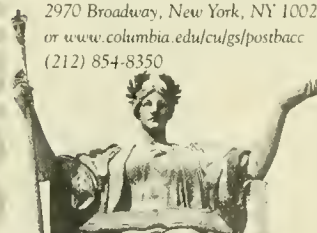
Amy D. Gruber and Kevin Harper, Scotch Plains, N.J., announce the birth of Katherine Amanda Harper on March 27, 1996. She joins Zachary Scott, 3. Amy is a clinical

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faculty member at Overlook Hospital family practice residency program in Summit, N.J. Kevin is teaching and coaching.

Nicole Yankelovich Mordecai and her husband, David, live in Weston, Mass., with their Portuguese water dog, Chuvo. Nicole manages a speech-applications research project at Sun Microsystems, and David is working with a nonprofit organization to help connect schools to the Internet. E-mail Nicole at nicole.yankelovich@east.sun.com.

Debbie Osgood and her husband, Jim Komie, Northbrook, Ill., announce the arrival of Emily Jane on May 11, 1996.

Robert Valentini (see **Hyun Kim** '91).

1984

Doug Bailey and Sue Roach Bailey '85 celebrated their tenth anniversary by buying a new house in Huntsville, Ala. They write, "Our daughters — Maura, 4, and Alaina, 2 — although Southerners by birth, know their Northern roots, thanks to regular visits to Providence and Cape Cod." Doug is manager of software engineering at Pesa Switching Systems. Sue is social studies department chair at Johnson High School. They may be reached at 2008 Burlington Dr., Huntsville 35803; (205) 883-6554.

Michael Chapman '89 M.A.T. received

his Ph.D. in plant biology from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst in February. He is a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Massachusetts in the laboratory of Lynn Margulis, with whom he has published several journal articles and textbook chapters. Michael studies hybridization and organellar genetics in flowering-plant systems, especially evening primrose. He lives in the hill country of central Massachusetts with his wife, **Susan Elizabeth Sweeney** '89 Ph.D., an associate professor of English at Holy Cross College. Michael and Beth will celebrate their 14th wedding anniversary in July aboard the schooner *Stephen Taber* out of Rockland, Maine. Michael

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would like to hear from friends at michaelj@bio.umass.edu.

Marc Fleishhacker recently sold his marketing consulting firm to the WPP Group. The company's new name is Ogilvy & Mather Dataconsult. Marc has remained as managing director. He and his wife, Francesca, and their two boys - Lorenzo, 6, and Filippo, 4 - welcome news and visits from old friends. They may be reached at Via Pancaldo, 4, 20129 Milan, Italy; 100347.2661@compuserve.com.

Suzanne P. Keen and Francis MacDonnell announce the birth of Jacob Whitcomb MacDonnell on Dec. 30 in Lexington, Va. Jacob is the grandson of **Sally Whitcomb Keen** '58. Suzanne, an assistant professor of English at Washington and Lee University, was elected to the Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs in January. She is a member of the Modern Language Association and the Society for the Study of Narrative Literature. Suzanne may be reached at skeen@liberty.uc.wlu.edu.

Suzanne Rosencrans and Michael Novicoff announce the birth of Sarah Helene Novicoff on June 21, 1996. Suzanne is vice president of business and legal affairs at New Line Cinema in Los Angeles. Mike is a partner in the law firm of Reuben & Novicoff, specializing in entertainment and international litigation. Classmates **Andi Paley Vogel** and **Lisa Steres Weinberg** threw a baby shower for them. Suzanne may be reached at nxbto5b@prodigy.com.

Sonya Williams Stanton and Tom Stanton announce the birth of Thomas James on May 15, 1996. "T.J. has brought us much joy and lost sleep," Sonya writes. They live in Columbus, Ohio, where Sonya teaches finance at Ohio State University and Tom is setting up a periodontics practice.

1985

David Coonin and **Lauren Resnick** '87 announce the birth of their second child, Ariel Rachel Coonin, on Jan. 7. They write, "Ariel and big brother Jake, 16 months, hope to put their parents in the poorhouse by walking through the Van Wickle Gates one day." David is a vice president at MemberWorks, a publicly traded direct-marketing company in Stamford, Conn., and Lauren continues to "prosecute the bad guys" as an assistant U.S. attorney in Brooklyn, N.Y. They may be reached at coonine@aol.com.

Deborah L. Lewis and Martin H. Myers (Miami University of Ohio and University of Michigan School of Law) were married on Aug. 27 in Juneau, Alaska. Attending the wedding were Deborah's brother, **Steven** '87, and parents **David C.** '57 and **Eleanor Levinson Lewis** '59. Deborah and Marty live in Oakland, Calif., where she is a chef; he is a partner in the law firm of Gray, Cary, Ware and Freidenrich in Palo Alto. They'd love

to hear from friends at debnmarty@aol.com.

Catherine Polleys (see **William V. Polleys III** '54).

John Potts has been living and studying at the Tashi Chöling Retreat Center, a traditional Tibetan Buddhist center, and is preparing for his next phase, getting a master's degree in contemplative psychotherapy from the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colo. John writes, "This degree will provide an avenue to apply much of what I've learned in my Buddhist study and practice (and life, too) and supplement it with state-of-the-art psychological theories. This is an exciting period of integration of traditional Buddhist mind science with Western medical and philosophical insights." John would love to hear from friends and classmates. He may be reached at the Tashi Chöling Retreat Center, 2001 Colestone Rd., Ashland, Ore. 97520; (541) 482-1091.

Stefan Tucker and Janice announce the birth of Derek Adrian Gordon Tucker on Feb. 4. He joins brother Aleks. Stefan writes, "I hope we can afford to send both boys to Brown." Stefan may be reached at 310 W. Noyes St., Arlington Heights, Ill. 60005; stefan.tucker@hbc.honeywell.com.

1986

Erik Todd Dellums portrays the suspected drug dealer Luther Mahoney on NBC's *Homicide: Life on the Street*. His next *Homicide* episode will air this month. He lives in Washington, D.C.

1987

Sharon Bloom is finishing her internal-medicine residency in Santa Barbara, Calif. She will be moving to Atlanta in June to start a fellowship as an epidemic intelligence officer at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Friends may write her at sbloom@sbch.org.

David Dowden and his wife, Susan (Georgetown '88), announce the birth of their second daughter, Amy Elizabeth, this past fall. David may be reached at 69 Avenue of Two Rivers, Rumson, N.J. 07760; david_dowden@acmil.com.

David Doyle is a physical therapist at the Boston Veterans Administration Medical Center. "As a second career," David writes, "I'm planning to open a café and music store in Boston. I welcome comments and suggestions, especially from those with experience in either area. I would also love to hear from long-lost friends." David may be reached at 32 Parkton Rd., #1, Jamaica Plain, Mass. 02130; dbdoyle@earthlink.net.

Finn-Olaf Jones (INSEAD '93 M.B.A.) married Kristin Allen (Texas A&M '88, University of Cape Town '91, INSEAD '93) in Death Valley, Calif. Finn-Olaf heads MGM Studio's overseas business planning in Paris,

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Five Acres and a Car

As a graduate student at Duke in Durham, North Carolina, Katrina Smith Korfmacher specialized in coastal ecosystem management and water quality. Last fall, however, when she got a job at Denison University in Granville, Ohio, she found herself a long way from either coast.

Korfmacher adapted. She began designing a study of sustainable development and the conversion of Ohio farmland to residential and industrial uses. "I'd never done anything on agriculture before," she says, "though many of the principles – such as the use of science in policy formation and involving citizens – are the same anywhere."

Her research proposal, for which Smith Korfmacher was named a 1997 Mitchell Young Scholar, focuses on a regional craze in suburban development: the five-acre lot. Rural Granville is a comfortable commute from the

rapidly growing city of Columbus, and many city residents are moving out to five-acre parcels of land, which are marketed as family farms. "They want

to see the occasional cow and preserve that sense of being on a farm," Korfmacher says.

The problem is that bumpkin wanna-bes are more interested in the look and feel of a farm than in the reality of taking care of their land. "No one is growing crops," Korfmacher points out. "They just mow it, and most of them get tired of that pretty quickly." Running electricity, phone lines, and cable TV over longer distances to serve fewer people doesn't make sense economically or environmentally, Smith Korfmacher contends. Nor does the fact



COURTESY KATRINA SMITH KORFMACHER

that people are leaving a larger footprint on the environment than they need to.

As the newcomer in town, Korfmacher can ask questions oldtimers consider obvious but which, in her mind, haven't been answered: "Why are we interested in preserving farms? Is it for community? Food? Environmental preservation? Everyone immediately assumes we need to preserve them – it's like motherhood and apple pie – but nobody asks why." – *Chad Galts*

and Kristin is an investment banker specializing in African finance with HSBC Equator Bank in London. Finn-Olaf's account of his solo ascent of Aconcagua in Argentina will be published this summer in *Forbes* magazine.

1988

P. Okello Alier married Anne Sebagereka on Dec. 21. Anne is a chartered accountant with the Development Finance Company of Uganda, and Okello has opened a dental practice in Kampala. They may be reached at P.O. Box 249, Kampala, Uganda.

Bob Hill and Maureen Hill (Gwynedd Mercy '91) announce the birth of Robert III on Sept. 12. The family lives in Yardley, Pa., where Bob is a management consultant and Maureen is a registered nurse.

Susan Morduch and **Ken Rosenberg** '87, Brooklyn, N.Y., announce the birth of Callie Elizabeth on Jan. 24. Ryan is 3. They may be reached at sm1196@columbia.edu.

Dave Morris invites friends to stop by the SHAFT table at Campus Dance. The table is the only one with Christmas lights and is located on the main Green in front of Slater.

Dave may be reached in Philadelphia at (215) 241-9564; dmorris@seas.upenn.edu or dave@unforgettable.com.

1989

Katie Lemire will finish law school this month and will begin work as a prosecutor in the Manhattan district attorney's office in September. She may be reached at 275 Greenwich St., Apt. 6G, New York, N.Y. 10007; kalemire@aol.com.

Phil Marsosudiro writes, "Much to my surprise, I recently started a new consulting firm, Archipelago Management Resources. The new venture has its pluses (I stay in bed until 8 or 9 A.M. on workdays if I feel like it) and its minuses (I lie in bed worrying about the business until 2 or 3 A.M. on workdays, whether or not I feel like it, and every day is a workday). Regardless, I get to see many Brown people through the North Carolina Brown Club and the Friends of Brown Fencing." Phil may be reached at 4100 Five Oaks Dr., #14, Durham, N.C. 27707; (919) 490-6091; philm@nuteknet.com.

Sharon Lean McConnell finished her

master's in social sciences at the Facultad Latinoamericana de Ciencias Sociales in Mexico last October. Sharon and her husband, Rob, were traveling in Chile, Peru, and Bolivia through April, and then planned to return to New York City temporarily.

1990

Esmond Harnsworth graduated from Harvard Law in 1993 and clerked for the Superior Court of Massachusetts last year. In September he cofounded the Zachary Shuster Literary Agency, with offices in Boston, New York City, and Brussels. Esmond specializes in book and film rights for commercial fiction and business books. He also does pro bono legal work for arts organizations.

David S. Narita is engaged to Lara Iwamoto (Creighton '90). They will be married in August in Kailua, Hawaii. Until then they may be reached at 1229 Brighton Ave., #205, Modesto, Calif. 95355.

Carlton Neel became engaged to Nina Weissenberger (Cornell '89) in June. Carlton is a fund manager for Zweig Mutual Funds. He writes, "Even though I keep busy at my

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KHARY LAZARRE-WHITE '95
AND JASON WARWIN '95



COURTESY THE BROTHERHOOD (12)

From boys to men: Khary Lazarre-White and Jason Warwin, left, are helping inner-city New York boys become "leaders, brothers, and men."

What does it mean to be a man? For many adolescent boys, especially inner-city blacks and Latinos, this isn't an easy question. In fact, say Jason Warwin and Khary Lazarre-White, the lack of good examples can leave many of these kids nothing to work with.

"The overwhelming majority of these kids live alone with their mothers," Warwin said in an interview on the Fox network's *Good Day New York* last summer. "The mothers are doing a great job, but the kids don't have any positive male role models in their lives."

So Lazarre-White and Warwin have made role models of themselves. During their last semester at Brown the two designed a work-study program to help thirteen troubled boys from Providence's South Side. "Most of them were involved with drugs," Lazarre-White says. "They weren't doing their work in school. People were worried they were going to fall through the cracks." By the end of the semester, Warwin and Lazarre-White had every one

Brothers' Keepers

of the kids off drugs, out of gangs, and either working or back in school.

When the two graduated, they founded The Brotherhood, a nonprofit organization with its headquarters at Columbia University's Teachers College and chapters in East Harlem and on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Lazarre-White and Warwin, who both grew up in New York and have known each other since they were five, are now full-time role models and fundraisers. When they aren't writing grants, making their case to a charitable foundation, or appealing to the city and state for funding, they meet every week with seventy-five secondary-school boys and give presentations at schools and community centers around the city.

The Brotherhood's aim, Lazarre-White says, is simple. "We help boys define what it means to be a leader, a brother, and a man,"

he says. That means talking through such concepts as self-respect, respect for women, and responsibility to community. The two ask the boys to come up with their own definitions, which are laminated on cards. "It won't mean as much to them if it's in someone else's words," Lazarre-White says. "In The Brotherhood the worst thing you can be is a hypocrite – you've got to live up to your own word."

Warwin and Lazarre-White talk to the boys about such problems as drugs, sex, gangs, AIDS, academics, and other issues. They also discuss black and Latino history, and they invite actors, teachers, lawyers, and other professionals to address the groups. "For some of these kids," Lazarre-White says, "it's the first time they see there's a possibility to be a cameraman, a teacher, or a lawyer. They don't know it, but they've got their whole lives in front of them." – *Chad Galts*

job, I still manage to find time to get some air on my skis and windsurfer." Carlton may be reached at 15 W. 53d St., Apt. 25E, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Pam Quinn and her husband, Brad Fleming (Texas A&M '87), New Orleans, announce the birth of Austin Kirk Fleming on Jan. 25. Pam is taking a break from residency and enjoying being a mom. Friends are encouraged to call at (504) 288-1505.

1991

Glenn Berger is a writer and producer on the new Fox comedy, *King of the Hill*. Glenn writes, "Anyone who wants to reach me now that I've gone Hollywood can call my people at (310) 458-2906. We'll do lunch." Glenn may also be reached at 939 15th St., #12, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403; gtb@earthlink.net.

Yong Jong completed his Ph.D. in the

artificial organs, biomaterials, and cellular-technology program at Brown last May and has joined the molecular-pharmacology and biotechnology department as a postdoc. When he is not in the lab writing patents, scientific papers, and grants, he can be seen frolicking on the shores of Narragansett Bay, enjoying the surf. Yong may be reached at Box G-B393, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912; yong_shik_jong@brown.edu.

Hyun Kim was awarded a grant to develop the "HDK Delivery System." He gives high praise to his adviser and mentor, **Robert Valentini** '83, '93 Ph.D., for his success. Hyun is currently seeking funding for a team of twenty-four undergraduates to further develop and commercialize his system. He may be reached at st005343@brownvm.brown.edu.

Todd Seavey, New York City, is a researcher for ABC News correspondent John Stossel. Over the past six years he has worked as an editorial assistant, ad writer, and freelance writer, with articles in *Spy*, *National Review*, *Reason*, and other publications.

1992

Elizabeth T. Hobson, a Peace Corps volunteer, may be reached at PCV, American Peace Corps, G.P.O. 613, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Cristina Lopez was appointed to a two-year term on the board of directors of Women Express, a nonprofit organization and publisher of *Teen Voices*, a magazine written and produced by and for teenaged girls in Boston. Cristina attends Harvard Business School.

Sean Sapone is a U.S. Army paratrooper. In the past four years he has trained with other NATO countries, published a tactical manual, and done guerrilla warfare training in Panama. Now a captain, he will command a Patriot missile unit in Germany after a six-month hiatus in Iraq this summer. Sean may be reached at 3 Echo Rd., Sherman, Conn. 06785; (203) 355-4784.

1993

Edward Gargiulo proposed to **Evanne Salomon** '94 on a trip down the West coast last summer. They will be married in Newport, R.I., in September. They live in Manhattan. Ed works for the National Football League, and Evanne works for the photography gallery Pace Wildenstein MacGill.

1994

Keep us in touch with what's going on, and submit news to the *BAM*. We urge you to contact reunion headquarters with questions about class activities at (401) 863-1947, or call **Victoria Chiou** at (617) 492-4378. We look forward to seeing classmates at future events. — *Evan Wender, class secretary, and Victoria Chiou and Zac Wydra, copresidents*

Joshua Kiev married Jennifer Trotter on Oct. 12 in Chapel Hill, N.C. Joshua writes, "I continue to mourn the Patriots' loss to the Packers. As a dedicated season-ticket holder, I look forward to cheering them on next year." Joshua may be reached at 112 Woodstock St., #3, Somerville, Mass. 02144; (617) 776-0565; trzee@ziplink.net.

1995

Josh Berman writes, "Livin' large in Boulder, Colo., before going abroad in the fall with the Peace Corps." He may be reached at 2455 7th St., Boulder 80304; (303) 541-0177.

Katherine Mitsouras is in her second year of the Ph.D. program in biological chemistry at UCLA. She was awarded a scholarship from the National Institutes of Health. Katherine writes, "I like living in L.A., and even though I miss Brown, I do not miss Providence weather." She may be reached at 1701 Purdue Ave., #16, West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025; mtsoura@ewald.mbi.ucla.edu.

1996

Frank Casal is working in Mexico City in Citibank's corporate bank division, doing financial analysis and traveling through Mexico when he gets the chance. Frank may be reached at 105623.25@compuserve.com.

Todd Guren is going to Paraguay with the Peace Corps to do work in environmental sanitation. He may be reached at PCV, Cuero de Paz, 162 Chaco Boreal, Mcal. López, Asunción, Paraguay.

Kevin Segall has founded a mail-order company, Essential Media. Based in Venice, Calif., the company specializes in print, sound, video, and other works of the postmodern, alternative, and fringe cultures. Kevin may be reached at P.O. Box 661245, Los Angeles 90066; <http://www.essentialmedia.com>.

Amy Williams (see **Thomas L. Moses III** '58).

GS

Earl A. Pope '62 Ph.D. received the Andrew E. Murray Peacemaking Award at the Lehigh Presbytery meeting at the First Presbyterian Church of Bethlehem, Pa., in January. Earl is professor emeritus at Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., where he held the Helen H.P. Manson Chair and served as head of the religion department and dean of studies until 1990. From 1992 to 1994 he taught American studies and religious studies as a senior Fulbright professor at the University of Bucharest. In 1995 he was appointed to the International Scientific Council of the Black Sea University, and in 1996 he became a founding trustee of an ecumenical foundation in Romania.

Raymond H. Lopez '63 A.M., Scarsdale, N.Y., was named 1996 volunteer of the year by the National Association of Federal Credit Unions. Raymond has been chairman of the Academic Federal Credit Union in Pleasantville, N.Y., for the past ten years and has helped the credit union increase its loan and investment portfolios. He is a finance and economics professor at Pace University's Lubin Graduate School of Business.

Margaret Dickie '65 Ph.D., Athens, Ga., published *Stein, Bishop, and Rich: Lyrics*

of Love, War, and Place (University of North Carolina Press) in April. The book examines the poetry of Gertrude Stein, Elizabeth Bishop, and Adrienne Rich, investigating how each poetic voice expresses both public concerns and private interests. Margaret is the Helen S. Lanier Distinguished Professor of English at the University of Georgia.

Enrico Garzilli '70 Ph.D., Narragansett, R.I., has composed the musical *Rage of the Heart*, which premiered at Veterans Auditorium in Providence this spring. The play is based on the twelfth-century story of philosopher and composer Peter Abelard and his true love, Heloise.

Grace Farrell Lee '71 A.M., '73 Ph.D., has received a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship for 1997-98 to write a book on Lillie Devereux Blake and nineteenth-century American culture. For the past several years she has been recovering Blake's uncollected fiction, and the Feminist Press recently published her edition of Blake's 1874 novel, *Fettered for Life*. Grace wrote her first book, *From Exile to Redemption: The Fiction of Isaac Bashevis Singer* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1987), under an NEH Fellowship and followed it with *I.B. Singer: Conversations* (University of Mississippi Press, 1992) and *Critical Essays on I.B. Singer* (G.K. Hall, 1996). For G.K. Hall, Grace is also working on *Critical Essays on Rebecca Harding Davis*. She is the Rebecca Clifton Reade Professor of English at Butler University in Indianapolis. She lives in Bloomington, Ind., with her husband, Giancarlo Maiorino, and their children, Lisa, Matthew, and Elizabeth. Grace may be reached at gfarrell@ruth.butler.edu.

Judith Wolder Rosenthal '71 Ph.D. (see '67).

Carol Holly '72 Ph.D. was named the O.C. and Patricia Boldt/National Endowment for the Humanities Distinguished Teaching Professor in the Humanities at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn., in February. Carol, an English professor, will teach two interdisciplinary seminars in the humanities and promote the study of the humanities outside the classroom for three years beginning in September. She joined the St. Olaf College faculty in 1975, and she teaches courses and tutorials on expository writing, American literature, American biography, and women's literature. She has received National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowships for College Teachers and a Fulbright fellowship to the former Yugoslavia. Carol lives in Northfield with her husband, Alvin Handelman, and son, Matt.

Bernard A. Weinstein '74 Ph.D., Williams, N.Y., was named a fellow of the American Physical Society. Bernard is a professor of physics at the University of Buffalo, where he conducts research in high-pressure and optical properties of tetrahedral crystalline semiconductors, semiconductor heterostructures, and amorphous semiconductors.

Lynne Joyrich '84 A.M., '90 Ph.D., has published *Re-viewing Reception: Television,*

Gender, and Postmodern Culture (Indiana University Press, 1996). She is an English professor at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee.

Lauren Feinsot Riordan '85 Ph.D. and her husband, Rob, announce the arrival of Elana Casey on Sept. 27. Big sister Emily Shea is 4. The Riordans live in Stamford, Conn., where Lauren is a clinical psychologist and continues to specialize in children with cancer, the work she began while at Brown.

Michael Chapman '89 M.A.T. (see '84).

Susan Elizabeth Sweeney '89 Ph.D. (see **Michael Chapman** '84).

Josh Fenton '94 A.M., Woonsocket, R.I., has been named vice president of marketing for Leonard/Monahan in Providence. Previously, Josh was with Rivers Doyle Walsh/Dubois Patch, and for seven years he was assistant to the director of the Rhode Island Department of Environmental Management. He is a board member of the Rhode Island Zoological Society, Family Resources, and the United Way's Keel Club and is the founder of the Billy Taylor Educational/Recreational Program.

Robert Valentini '93 Ph.D. (see **Hyun Kim** '91).

MD

R. Scott Dyer '76 M.D. (see '69).

OBITUARIES

Arthur F. Merewether '22, Bayside, N.Y.; Feb. 2. Chief meteorologist for American Airlines for twenty years, he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1929 and was chief of its weather service from 1939 to 1942. From 1942 to 1946 he commanded the 8th Weather Region in the North Atlantic. During a routine flight over Labrador in 1943 he discovered a perfectly round lake which was later named Merewether Crater and Merewether Lake. President of the American Meteorological Society from 1954 to 1956, he was named an honorary Commander of the Order of the British Empire and received the Legion of Merit award, the Gorrell Award from the Air Transport Association, and the Losey Award of the Institute of Aeronautical Services. A scholarship in his name for the study of meteorology has been established by the American Meteorological Society in Boston. A member of the Brown varsity baseball team, he had one "at bat" with the Pittsburgh Pirates, and in 1971 he was inducted into the Brown Athletic Hall of Fame. He is survived by his wife, Genevieve, 37-02 222nd St., Bayside 11361; two daughters, and two sons, including **James** '63; and a sister, **Olga Merewether Angst** '32.

Carolyn Macdonald Sherman '22, Providence; Jan. 18. Editor of the Child Study Center newsletter at Brown, she was a teacher at Warwick (R.I.) High School, Huntington (N.Y.) High School, and Fox Meadow School in Scarsdale, N.Y. Previously she taught at Western Washington College of Education, Rhode Island State College, and RISD. She wrote *Willingly to School*, a book on the philosophy of the modern school, which was awarded a prize by *Parents Magazine* in 1935. A former president of her class, she was a member of the League of Women Voters and was active in the United Negro College Fund and the American Cancer Society. She is survived by two stepsons, including **John** '37, 651 Sinex Ave., Apt. C-112, Pacific Grove, Calif. 93950.

Helen Avery Hetherington '23, Baltimore; Nov. 26, 1995. She was director of volunteer services for the Baltimore Mental Health Association before retiring. A past president of the Pembroke Club of Baltimore, she previously taught zoology at Wellesley College. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by her daughter, Anne McCullough, P.O. Box 408, Chester Springs, Pa. 19425.

Ruth Kerns Lane '31, Evanston, Ill.; Feb. 7. She was an alumnae representative for two high schools and was a past board member of the Pembroke Club. She is survived by her husband, **John** '31, 3200 Grant St., Evanston 60201; and four sons, including **William** '58 and **John** '62.

Katherine Burt Jackson '32, North Kingstown, R.I.; Feb. 1. She was manager of the Community Homemaker Service until her retirement in 1975. Previously she was a social worker specializing in public welfare and medical social work in New Orleans and Providence. During the early 1960s she was a psychiatric social worker at the former Rhode Island Medical Center. She was a former member of the National Association of Social Workers, the Rhode Island Conference of Social Work, and the American Association of University Women. Chair of her 65th reunion, she was a past chair of the academic committee for the Pembroke Alumnae Association. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by her husband, Frederick, 20 Narragansett Ave., #3C, Pier Village, Narragansett, R.I. 02882; two sons; a daughter; a brother-in-law, **Herbert A. Howard** '28; and a nephew, **David J. Howard** '89.

Morton J. Simon '32, Philadelphia; Nov. 17, of congestive heart failure. A 1935 graduate of Harvard Law School, he specialized in business communications law. He was the author of several books, including *Public Relations Law*, *The Law for Advertising and Marketing*, and *The Advertising Truthbook*, and he wrote frequently for the communications trade press and general-interest publications. He created and taught a course on legal and ethical advertising and communications at Charles

Morris Price School and was a frequent lecturer at Temple University and the University of Pennsylvania. A U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, he served as an anti-submarine warfare specialist. He was a member of the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania bar associations and was a past secretary of the Philadelphia Brown Club. He is survived by his wife, Carol, 8108 Cadwalader Rd., Elkins Park, Pa. 19027; and sons **Morton Jr.** '66 and **Lawrence** '69.

Weslene Dolloff Troy '34, Bristol, R.I.; Jan. 28. A longtime professor and foreign student advisor at RISD, she was named professor emerita in 1977. She was a group psychotherapy counselor at the East Bay Mental Health Center and a member of the Northeastern Society of Group Psychotherapy. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by her daughter, Martha Troy, 47A N. Main St., Jamestown, R.I. 02835; and two sons.

Harriet Walker Batchelder '35, Naples, Fla.; Nov. 24. She spent eighteen years at Yale as an administrator in the medical school, where she helped establish the department of human genetics. She is survived by her husband, **Richard** '35, 2880 Gulf Shore Blvd., #404, Naples 34103.

Barbara Gaisford Eggleston '35, Bedford, Mass.; Jan. 21. She was a founding member and past president of the Kent County Pembroke Club in Warwick, R.I., and a member of St. Barnabas Episcopal Church. She is survived by two daughters, including Betsey Anderson, 64 Wildwood Dr., Bedford 01730.

Miller Simon '35, New York City; Oct. 6, 1995. He was a producer at the Educational Broadcasting Corp. in New York City. He is survived by his wife, Phyllis, 300 Central Park West, #16B, New York City 10024.

Allen W. White '37, New Carrollton, Md.; June 19. He worked for the federal government for thirty-four years and was head technical budget analyst for the U.S. State Department for sixteen years, retiring in 1974. He is survived by his wife, Eva Mae, 5710 83rd Place, New Carrollton 20784.

Henry F. Capasso '38, North Providence, R.I.; Jan. 30. He was professor emeritus of Italian at the University of Rhode Island and served as chairman of its Department of Modern and Classical Languages and Literature. He was a member of the Modern Language Association, the American Association of Teachers of Italian, and the Rhode Island Foreign Language Association. A founder of the Phi Beta Kappa chapter at U.R.I., he was a member of the Phi Sigma Iota International Foreign Language Association and an honorary member of the National Hispanic Society. Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his wife, **Margaret Fico Capasso** '40, 20 Walnut Street, N. Providence 02904; two sons; and two daughters.

Philip H. Glatfelter III '38, Spring Grove, Pa.; Jan. 15. He was director and former president and chairman of the P.H. Glatfelter Co., making him the fourth generation of family to head the company. He was an active member of the American Forest and Paper Association, the Printing Paper Manufacturers' Association, the University of Maine Pulp and Paper Foundation, and the National Council for Air and Stream Improvement Inc. In 1991 he was awarded an honorary degree from Gettysburg College. He was a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, serving in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters aboard the U.S.S. *Arkansas* in World War II. An avid outdoorsman, he was past director of the Pennsylvania Wildlife Federation. He is survived by his wife, Anne, 2011 Rosewood Ln., York, Pa. 17403; and two daughters.

Margaret Campbell Brigden '39, Indian Shores, Fla.; Jan. 15, unexpectedly during recovery from surgery. She had a short career as a school teacher. She raised six children and lived in Euclid, Ohio, moving to Indian Shores in 1978. She is survived by three sons, including William, 7411 Rossmore Ct., Dayton, Ohio 45459; and three daughters.

Charles E. Spencer III '42, Southbury, Conn.; Jan. 28, of cancer. He was executive president of the Delson Hinge Corp. A lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II, he was awarded the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, and a Commendation Ribbon for his service in the Pacific Theater and the Philippine liberation. He was vice president of the New Haven Brown Club. He is survived by his wife, **Catherine A. Spencer** '42, Cherrymood Lodge, East Hill Woods, Southbury 06488.

Edward F. Swanezy '42, Dallas; Dec. 1. He was a sales manager at Celanese Chemical Co. Previously he was a meteorologist and a captain in the U.S. Air Force. He is survived by his wife, Stacey, 5702 Over Downs Dr., Dallas 75230; and a son, **Scott** '77.

Henry J. Pilote '43, Tucson, Ariz.; Jan. 16. He was a longtime educator and lecturer. He is survived by his wife, Ann, 2500 Shade Tree Ln., Tucson 85715.

Patricia McSweeney Reed '44, Stuart, Fla.; Aug. 30, 1994. She is survived by her husband, Paul, 91 S. Sewells Point Rd., Stuart 34996.

Bennet B. Fuller '45, Falmouth, Mass.; Dec. 18. He worked in sales and engineering for Allied Cork in Walpole, Mass., until his retirement in 1985. Previously he worked for the Foxboro Co., which was founded by his grandfather. He was a U.S. Army Air Corps veteran of World War II and spent time as a P.O.W. after his fighter plane was shot down over Germany. An Eagle Scout, he was involved in the Boy Scouts of America for more than fifty years and received the organi-

zation's Silver Beaver Award. He is survived by four daughters, including Nancy Porter, P.O. Box 55, Falmouth 02541; and a son.

John W. Murphy '45, River Edge, N.J.; Nov. 14. He was a research chemist until his retirement in 1988. Previously he was a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy. He is survived by his wife, June, 926 Myrtle Ave., River Edge 07661.

John A. Lewis '48 Sc.M., '50 Ph.D., Summit, N.J.; Dec. 12. He was a member of the technical staff in the mathematical research department of Bell Laboratories. An expert in classical mathematical physics, he specialized in elasticity, heat transfer, viscosity, acoustics, optical fibers, and semiconductors. His most significant achievements were with edge and corner effects in electrical fields and in the control of satellites. He served as an electronics officer in the U.S. Navy in World War II. He was a lifelong member of the New Jersey Table Tennis League. He is survived by his wife, **Betsey Leonard Lewis** '46, 109 Maple St., Summit 07901; two daughters; and a son.

Merle I. Hampton '50, Piscataway, N.J.; Nov. 26. He was a retired chemist. He is survived by his wife, Betty, 425 Shirley Pkwy., Piscataway 08854.

David J. Brodsky '52, Princeton, N.J.; Jan. 13. He joined the Educational Testing Service in 1955 as a planning officer and went on to become the company's controller, treasurer, financial vice president, senior vice president, and executive vice president in charge of all financial, legal, administrative, technological, and operational areas. After his retirement, he continued to make trips to China and the former USSR to assist in modernizing their standardized testing techniques. He taught management courses at the Rutgers Institute of Management and Labor Relations. He was a member of the Middlesex Region board of trustees, the National Foundation for Advancement of the Arts, and International School Services Inc. He was a former board member and treasurer of the Jewish Center of Princeton. He is survived by his wife, Judith, 53 Clarke Ct., Princeton 08540; a daughter; and a son.

Dorotea Giffoni DiOrio '52, North Providence, R.I.; Jan. 26. She is survived by her husband, Amario, 26 Oak Grove Blvd., North Providence 02911; three daughters; and two sons.

Thomas J. Cashill '54, Barrington, R.I.; Feb. 4. He was owner and president of Comm Tech. He was in the Air Force from 1953 to 1957. He is survived by his wife, Alice, 24 Meadow Brook Dr., Barrington 02806; a son; and a daughter.

John W. Sjostrom '56, Cape May, N.J.; May 1, 1996.

Robert M. Bewlay '59, Westerly, R.I.; Feb. 4. He was vice president and chief operating officer for the Westerly Community Credit Union and chairman of its credit committee. A past member of the Credit Union Executive Society, he served on many committees for the Rhode Island Credit Union League. He is survived by his wife, Donna, 140 Watch Hill Rd., Westerly 02891; two sons; and a daughter.

Amedeo DeRobbio '61 A.M., Providence; Jan. 7. A retired mathematics and science teacher, he began his career with the Providence school department in 1936. He taught at Mount Pleasant High School for twenty-three years and was chair of mathematics from 1967-77. He went on to become the mathematics area supervisor until his retirement in 1981. After retiring, he taught mathematics part-time at Bryant College until 1991. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II. He is survived by his wife, Elena, 198 Garden City Dr., Cranston 02920; and a son.

Raymond G. Boesch '76, Santa Monica, Calif.; June 1, 1995, after a long illness. He is survived by his brother, **Philip** '71, 1751 Old Ranch Road, Los Angeles 90049; and a sister.

Donald T. Fusco '79, Nutley, N.J.; Dec. 22. He is survived by his parents.

Noreen M. Coachman-Burton '84 M.D., Florida; Feb. 6. She was a staff physician in radiation oncology at Roger Williams Medical Center and a clinical instructor at Brown until 1994. A recipient of the American Cancer Society's Clinical Oncology Award, she specialized in radiation therapy for locally advanced prostate cancer and in combined modality treatment with chemotherapy in locally advanced head, neck, and pancreatic cancers. She is survived by a brother and two sisters.

Katharine Mayerson '97, New York City; March 28, from injuries suffered in an automobile accident in Memphis, Tenn. Mayerson and **Shari Hirshman** '97, who was seriously injured in the accident, were on a spring-break road trip. Mayerson was a public policy concentrator, past president of the Brown College Democrats, and a former executive editor of the *Brown Daily Herald's* Good Clean Fun weekly supplement. She also worked as a computer consultant and held numerous positions in the co-ed fraternity, Zeta Delta Xi. She is survived by her parents, Donald and Bonnie Mayerson, One Lincoln Plaza #401P, New York City 10023; and a brother. ☞

FINALLY...

BY JOHN M. RODERICK '74 PH.D.

Passing the Torque Wrench

It's the sort of day you anticipate with a mixture of dread and hope. This Saturday my father is coming over, and together we're going to figure out why my newly purchased second-hand lawn tractor is leaking oil. That means, I know, that we are going to take the machine apart.

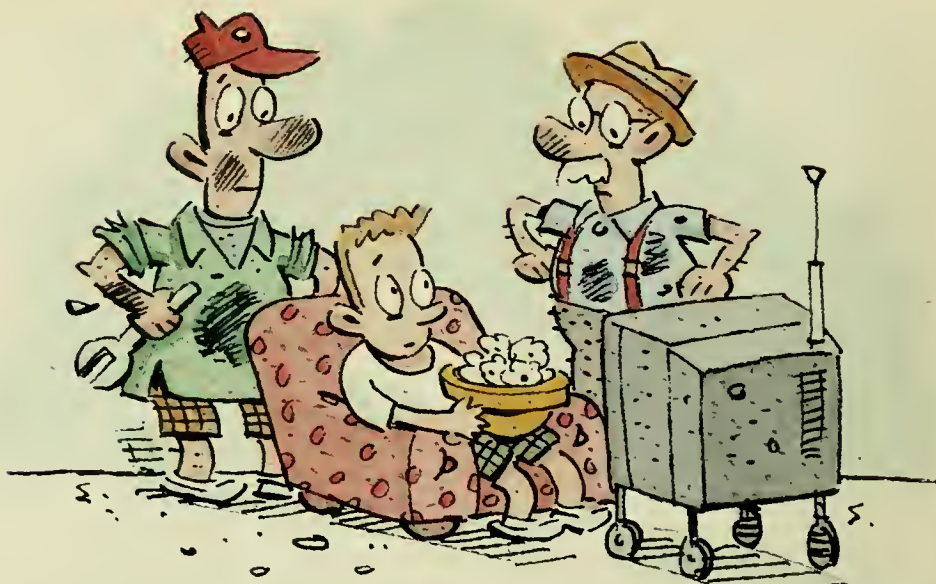
My teenaged son will be joining us. In a single morning I can show my father that I've finally learned something about motors while simultaneously passing along the knowledge to my son. It will be like a spiritual relay race, with my father setting a steady pace and handing off to me, while my son contributes youthful speed on the final lap.

Growing up, I'd often join my father in the garage. Our first project together involved rebuilding a 1951 MG-TD we'd picked up for \$150. If I was going to be driving cars, my dad said, I should learn how they work. On a warm August day, I prepared to crawl under the MG – wearing a pair of leather gloves. "What are those for?" my father barked. "It's the hottest day of the year!"

"I don't want to get my hands dirty," I said sheepishly. Dad laughs about it now, but I don't recall any mirth in his voice when he ordered me to take off those blankety-blank gloves. This was a machine, and you had to get dirty when you tackled machines.

Another time, we faced a twenty-year-old Scott outboard motor bolted to a water-filled barrel. My motivation to help was to avoid sitting out on the bay yet again, watching my father pull the starter cord 4,000 times and learning a host of useful words to employ in such a crisis. (Those words still come in handy when I smash my thumb with a hammer.)

Then there was my first motor scooter. It was a 1947 Cushman, a classic collector's item, although at the time it just seemed old. The centrifugal clutch needed tweaking, but my father thought



ELWOOD H. SMITH

new piston rings couldn't hurt, either. Soon we had the engine reduced to its essentials: a large pile of greasy parts. My father always knew how to put everything back together and make it work – a miracle, to me, right up there with the Immaculate Conception.

Today I poke my head into my son's bedroom: "Time to get up – Grandpa will be here any minute." My father always likes to get an early start on life's Big Jobs. Surely a fifteen-year-old Sears Craftsman tractor with a leaking ten-horsepower Briggs and Stratton engine falls into that category.

I open the creaking garage door, and sure enough, there's my father standing outside, two steep ramps in his hands "in case we need to crawl under her," he explains even before saying "good morning." This exemplifies one of Dad's lessons in the art of mechanical repair: always anticipate the worst. Another lesson is tucked under his arm: a spray can of Gunk. "It's always better to work on a clean engine," he says.

Again I shout for my son. Then I join Dad, who is already on his back, peering under the tractor. "Start her up and we'll see where the oil is seeping from," he says. I crank the engine and it purrs just as it did the day I bought the tractor – last week. I creep underneath with my father.

"What do you think?" he asks. What do I think? My father never asked me what I thought about repairs when I was a kid. But I'm no longer a kid; heck, my kid is hardly a kid anymore.

"I think it's leaking from the front, where the oil pan is attached," I venture.

"Yeah, me, too," Dad agrees, sitting up.

"Well, get to work."

For the next two hours my father hands me tools and occasionally points out a wire I've forgotten to reattach. His seventy-five-year-old joints take longer to get down to my level and back up again, but he can still tell at a glance if the next nut needs a three-quarters- or a five-eighths-inch socket. This morning, though, Dad defers most of the mechanical decisions to me.

We work well together, a team that's had half a century to get it right – except now my father is handing the wrench to me, not vice versa. Suddenly someone's shadow blocks the sunlight. "Boy, you two are filthy!" says my son. His hair is still wet from the shower, and he has on a clean T-shirt and plaid shorts. I wipe my grease-smudged hands on my dirty trousers and invite him to join us.

"There's no room under there for a third person," my son points out. "I'll be in the house if you need me." Then he's gone. MTV music filters out to us as I wipe my hands again, this time on my shirt.

Aligning the last bolt, I feel a pang of disappointment that my son chooses to sit on the couch while his father and grandfather are up to their armpits in grease. Then I think about that 1951 MG-TD. From the other side of the tractor, I catch a hint of a smile on my father's face. As rock music pours from the house, I want to believe my father is thinking about those gloves I wore on a hot August day years ago. ∞

John Roderick is a professor of English and rhetoric at the University of Hartford.

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Head Basketball Coach and Chair Holder Jeanie Burr and Captain Liz Turner happily present an autographed ball and team picture to the Chaces.



Kim and Liz address the overflow crowd in the Joukowski Room of the Pizzitola Sports Center as President Vartan Gregorian and BUSF Executive Director Dave Zucconi '55 enjoy the proceedings.



Liz' mother Elsa Zopfi and Chancellor Artemis Joukowsky '55 look on as Liz admires "The Cake."

We also honor the Chaces for their additional gift of \$400,000 to the Women's Athletics Endowment for the general support of all 17 of Brown's Women's Sports

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